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THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 26, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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The Bystander, August 26, 1936

The BYSTANDER

No. 1706. Vol. CXXXI

Jessie Matthews Again in "It's Love Again"

Jessie Matthews' new film goes to the Tivoli at the end of this week. *It's Love Again* is the kind of song-and-dance-and-story combination that someone always designs for the piquant Miss Matthews; this time she's a chorus-girl who impersonates her way to stardom through a maze of complications. Victor Saville directed it; Robert Young plays hero, with Sonnie Hale as his helpful muddler of a friend; and stars like Athene Seyler, Ernest Milton, Sara Allgood appear lower down on the cast list. Jessie Matthews is already in the middle of yet another musical, playing yet another aspirant to fame—for a change, a Parisian cabaret singer. Husband Sonnie Hale is directing *Head Over Heels*, and a bevy of visiting stars circle round our English glamour-girl—Whitney *(Crime Without Passion)* Bourne, Romney Brent (who's in *Three Men on a Horse*), and Louis Borrell

The Earl of Eldon and Lord Lovat—Cousins and Brothers-in-Law

Lord Eldon and Lord Lovat were out shooting from Strone Lairg Lodge, Stratherrick, in Inverness-shire. Lord Eldon, who used to be in the Scots Guards, married the Hon. Magdalen Fraser, Lord Lovat's only sister, and his first cousin, two years ago. Lord Lovat, who is twenty-five, is a subaltern in the Scots Guards now, and sails shortly to rejoin the 1st Battalion in Egypt. He succeeded his father in 1933 as fifteenth baron (the title goes back to 1458) and Chief of the Clan Fraser; he owns Beaufort Castle and about 190,000 acres of Inverness-shire. He and his brother-in-law are both fine rifle shots—a tradition in the Fraser family since the late Lord Lovat raised the famous Lovat Scouts during the Boer War

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

As the hideous Spanish mutiny goes on and on, one thing becomes increasingly and painfully obvious. The mutineers are not spending their own money. How could they? What reserves of cash do badly-paid officers possess? How can they buy brand-new German and Italian aeroplanes, and petrol for running them, out of their pay and allowances? And no one is going to suppose that the Foreign Legion of international gunmen and gangsters are risking death for love of General Franco. Gentry of that type do nothing for nothing, and extremely little for one peseta. Somewhere in the background there is a paymaster who stands to gain a great deal from a Fascist victory. I wonder who on earth it can be?

THERE are those who strongly support the Spanish Government against the mutineers. There are those who do the opposite. But surely there can be no one to defend the introduction of the Moors into the struggle. A Spanish "patriot" is a man who hires a black savage to kill his brother Spaniards. A Spanish Christian is a man who hires the Saracens to murder Christians. Whatever the outcome of the civil war, General Franco must go down to history as the man who undid the work of eight hundred years in a single day. It was in the first years of the eighth century A.D. that Tarik led the first Moors across the Straits and called the Rock the Geb-al-Tarik. It was in 1492 A.D. that Ferdinand and Isabella crowned the struggle of eight centuries by the expulsion of the Moors. It is in 1936 that General Franco, Patriot and Christian, brings them back.

GRAVE repercussions may arise from the searching, by a Spanish Government cruiser, of the German ship Kamerun outside territorial waters. The Spanish cruiser was obviously wrong to force the Kamerun to heave-to by shell-fire, and Germany may regard the episode as a God-sent excuse for intervention in the Spanish civil war.

Besides, the Germans naturally regard the matter from a high moral plane. They have always been the champions of neutrals' rights at sea. They have always stood out, strong and fearless, for chivalry upon the waves. They have a blameless escutcheon so far as the firing upon merchant vessels is concerned. Don't you think? Or don't you?

THE seizure and publication of the archives of the Nazi Consulate in Barcelona is one more sinister link in the sinister chain of Nazi propaganda in Europe. There have been many rumours of the same sort of activity in the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace. Probably the rumours are quite unfounded. The late Herr Hoesch was, like Brutus, an honourable man, I am sure. But incidents like the Barcelona publication are apt to make other honourable men uneasy.

Man of the Moment

Señor Julio Lopez Olivan, the new Spanish Ambassador in London (he presented his credentials only last month), made an hour's call at the Foreign Office early last week, shortly before the announcement of British non-intervention in Spain

FROM the point of view of Democracy, the real tragedy is the complete silence of the British rulers. Not one word has been spoken in defence of constitutional rights against brutal, barbarous and sadistic aggression. M. Leon Blum has come out valiantly for support of his thesis of non-intervention. Where is the voice of Mr. Baldwin? Where is the lead of our Democracy against a world of tyranny? Is Great Britain so thoroughly cowed by the heroes of Caporetto that we cannot even raise a bleat in defence of a thousand years of freedom?

Gladstone, thou should'st be living at this hour! The G.O.M. struck a resounding blow for Italian liberty when he cried that the Neapolitan tyranny was the negation of God erected into a system of Government. Will no one strike a resounding blow for European liberty to-day against the Fascist and Nazi domination? Mr. Baldwin is having a nice holiday in Wales. I do hope it is keeping fine for him.

BUT if the leaders of the Government are silent—and, by the way, we have not had so much as a cheep from the leaders of Opposition, either—at least they have taken one definite step in imposing an arms embargo both upon the Spanish Loyalists and the mutineers. That is a concrete, unmistakable proof of Britain's desire to isolate the war. But it must not be allowed to remain on the records as an unilateral gesture, if the Dictators continue to supply arms to the rebels. The sands are running out, and if the Dictators refuse to follow the lead of the Democracies, then the Democracies must strike out for themselves.

POOR old Apfelbaum—often called by his adopted name of Zinoviev—is in trouble again, and this time he is in bad trouble. He is accused of taking

part in a conspiracy to murder Stalin with the help of poor old Bronstein (who is more commonly known as Trotsky). Whether Zinoviev is guilty or not, and whether he is executed or not, is no concern of mine, and I do not care a straw either way. But I cannot help shedding a tear for a Bolshevik leader who has sunk so low that even the *Times* can pity him in a leading article.

THE Chinese Government is tentatively beginning to work for the recovery of China's looted treasures. The classic example of civilised and genteel burglary was, of course, the loot of the Summer Palace in Pekin in 1900 or thereabouts. The Boxers had besieged the Legation Quarter. An international force, strongly advised by Kaiser Wilhelm II. to behave like Huns, marched in and rescued the besieged, and everything was—as Bertie Wooster would say—hotsy-totsy. Then some Autolycan genius noticed that in the general confusion there was a goodish bit of snapping-up of considered trifles to be done, and so all the boys went to it with a will. And a year or two later the most astounding miracles of Chinese art began to filter back to Europe, via lieutenant-colonels and staff-captains. The greatest piece of burglary in the long annals of Hermes had been successfully achieved.

MR. C. E. M. JOAD has said a true word when he says that England's beauty is being destroyed on every side for the sake of the private profit of a few individuals. Not a week passes but news of some vandalism is announced. Nor is it always private profiteers who are the vandals. In the case of Carlton House Terrace it was the Commissioners of Crown Lands. Lulworth Cove has been made a practice-ground for the tanks of the War Office, and the Swannery at Abbotsbury is going to be ruined by the same Ministry. The last of the untouched spaces on the South Coast between East Kent and West Hampshire is lovely West Wittering. It is now to be ruined by a golf hotel. Its landlord is the Ecclesiastical Commission (also landlord, by the way, of some rather jolly little slums at Paddington, out of whose rents it pays its parsons). And so the dismal tale goes on. Shakespeare's realm, this England, this jewel set in a silver sea, is swiftly becoming the paradise of the jerry-builder and the vandalistic profiteer.

Waiting for the Others

Brig.-Gen. Sir Herbert Wilberforce, who was staying at the Majestic at Harrogate for the Yorkshire shooting season, was all ready and waiting to leave for the day's sport, and then found he had time to glance at the morning's news

Sir John Percival on Deck

Sir John Percival, the Anglo-Egyptian jurist, chose a cruising holiday and joined the Orient liner Orion, which makes the "Northern capitals" cruise to the Baltic, one of the most popular on the seas

INTERNATIONAL finance is always a mystery, and no sort of illumination is thrown upon it for the poor layman by the Anglo-Italian negotiations for the payment of Italy's debts to British traders. Italy owes approximately two million pounds. The fact that she owes the money enables her to treat the whole situation with imperious disdain. The fact that we are the creditor for the two millions makes it necessary for us to crawl and cringe. I wish that my tailor would take a glance at this paragraph and adjust his attitude accordingly.

I HAD never fully appreciated the difference between amateur and professional actors until I sat in the front row—about three feet from the stage—of a tiny Women's Institute Hall in Perranporth and watched the Perranporth players acting Patrick Hamilton's brilliant melodrama *Rope*. The actors and actresses were all London professionals—Richard Ainley was among them—and they were acting in such a confined space that a false step probably meant that a large bit of stage furniture fell into the audience. Amateurs, however talented, would have either had the scenery tumbling about our ears or would have taken such elaborate precautions that they would have forgotten how to act. These professionals never put a foot wrong.

IT is poor fun, after all these dismal months of cold and greyness and rain, to read that Soccer has begun again in Scotland. Soon we shall be back again in League tables, goal-averages, record transfer-fees, and all the rest of it. I once played in a cricket match on New Year's Day, which was organised as a protest against the encroachment of Soccer upon the cricket season. Sir John Squire, the poet, captained one side, his famous Invalids, against the Hampshire Eskimos. The match was played on Hambledon's Broad Halfpenny Down, and Mr. Howard Marshall, my colleague on another page of the BYSTANDER, set up a new cricketing record by being the first man to hit a six in England on New Year's Day.

I SINCERELY trust that Joe Louis's defeat of the egregious Sharkey in the heavy-weight match in America means the disappearance from the ring of the Lithuanian sailor. We have not entirely forgotten his fight with Phil Scott, and the methods which he employed, with the enthusiastic connivance of the American referee, to ensure that Scott should be, if not knocked out, at any rate laid low (with especial emphasis on the word "low").

The problem still remains insoluble, of course, how the comparatively middle-aged Schmeling knocked out the brilliant Louis the other day. Was it over-confidence, or was it superior boxing, or was it dope? Who knows? Anyway, I don't.

AND while we are discussing negroes, what an enchanting face Mr. Jesse Owens has. The great Olympic runner and jumper looks as attractive as Mr. Paul Robeson, and no more than that need be said.

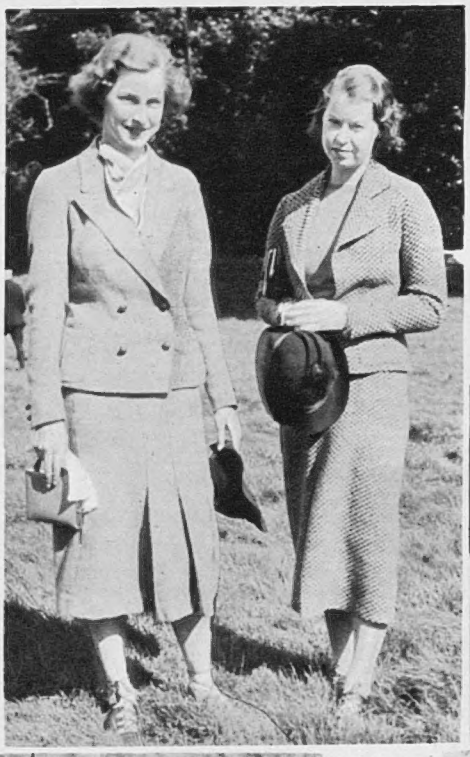
Miss Angela Manning and Miss Monica Clark sat on the side of a dinghy and waited for something to happen. Angela Manning, who came out in 1934, is the daughter of Mr. Tom Manning, Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club

Bembridge Beauties at the Local Regatta

Miss Joan Miller and Miss Diana Bethell took a stand by an old cannon in the Bembridge Sailing Club garden. Diana Bethell is the Hon. Mrs. James Beck's twenty-year-old daughter

All Girls Together

A Feminine Sportfolio



Left: the Hon. Ava and the Hon. Ariel Baird, Lord and Lady Stonehaven's two younger daughters, were at the Sheep-Dog Trials at Aboyne Castle, in Aberdeenshire. Ava Baird came out two years ago; Ariel Baird will be a Coronation Year debutante

Below: Antoinette Preston is Viscount Gormanston's only sister; she looks like a deb but is twenty-four. She was trout-fishing on the River Delvin, which runs through Lord Gormanston's estate in Co. Dublin

The Hon. Antoinette Preston Sits by an Irish River

Salmon-Fishing on the Spey

Mrs. Oliver Watney ("Kirstie" Nelson that was) and Countess de Bosdari, Sir Ian Walker's sister, were fishing on the Dalchroy beat of the Spey, from Strathspey which Sir Ian Walker has taken this year from Mr. M. S. McCorquodale

Soldiers in Sussex

Left: the Hon. Charles Wood, Mr. Henry Garnett, and Lord Amherst of Hackney are all in the Royal Horse Guards, and were "on active service" in Sussex last week when their regiment took part in the Aldershot Command Exercise. Charles Wood and Henry Garnett both had big weddings this summer—one to Ruth Primrose and the other to Mary Gerard Leigh

Engaged Couple in Ireland

Lord Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's son, and Miss Joan McMorrough-Kavanagh were photographed at Borris House, Miss McMorrough-Kavanagh's home in Co. Carlow, with her hunter Red Deer. They announced their engagement a few weeks ago and are planning an autumn wedding

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

It 's not all beer and skittles being a film star. When Fred Astaire emerges from Claridge's his fans, who surround both entrances "night and day," rush at him with autograph books and follow his car on bicycles.

Fred's chief concern is for their safety, for he is the kindest and most considerate person alive, and would let them tear him to bits if it would do them any good.

But much of this autograph-hunting is a racket, and film stars' signatures are sold and exchanged until it becomes a sort of trade.

Strangers Are Not Shy

At Quaglino's, where Fred Astaire and his wife were entertaining several people the other evening, complete strangers went up with menus to be autographed, while at least one member of his party told me she was much too shy to bother him.

His wife, who is slight and very pretty, with serious brown eyes and blonde cendré hair, wore a pale-blue chiffon dress, ruby and diamond clips and a white fox cape.

His sister, Lady Charles Cavendish, and her husband came in later and joined them for supper; Mr. John Sutro and Mr. Tatham were also in the party.

Too Much Teamwork

Miss Claire Luce, unbelievably and most engagingly sunburnt, was supping at "Quag's" that night too. It reminded us of *Gay Divorce* days to see these two famous stars.

It will interest all Astaire fans (in other words, *everyone*) to know that after his next picture with Ginger Rogers he may find a new partner for one film, and then make another with "Ginger" again.

The reason for this being that team work can be overdone, and that it is a bad policy to rely on one person and one person only as a co-star. So when you read of a break, or "Fred Astaire's new partner," you will know just how little it means.

A Sad Honeymoon

It was on Wednesday last week that we heard of the death of poor Hugh Lygon.

One disaster after another has overtaken the Beauchamp family in the last few weeks.

First, the sudden death of the Countess of Beauchamp, followed swiftly by the tragic end of her niece, Lady Alington. Lady Mary Lygon, who was operated on at the same time for appendicitis, is now convalescing at Madresfield; meanwhile, the younger Shaftesbury sister, Lady Lettice, has also been operated on for appendicitis.

It is especially sad for Lord Elmley, who was only married last month, that such family tragedies should occur when he should be enjoying his honeymoon.

A Smiling Owner

It was rather like a country garden-party at the last Windsor race meeting.

The lovely weather brought out many neglected summer prints, and we sat around, almost too hot and too lazy to bother about walking to the paddock or the tote.

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall was one of the prettiest girls we saw there, in a beige suit and a cleverly clashing buttonhole of two dahlias, one magenta, one orange.

Mrs. Michael Portman, looking amazingly cool and neat in a grey suit, panama hat and dark glasses, was struggling with a severe cold, and Mrs. James Rank wore dark blue and a short white coat. She always looks so happy and smiling that we back her horses on principle, feeling they must surely win, possessed of such a carefree owner!

Carpentier's Bar

In spite of violent European disturbances, the Riviera appears to be enjoying a bumper season.

Georges Carpentier's Bar is again the popular rendezvous from six to nine; the Cap d'Antibes from midday until four or five o'clock.

With diversions such as luncheon, either on the Islands or in someone's yacht, an occasional dinner-party at a villa, an evening out at either Monte Carlo or Cannes (wherever you *don't* happen to be staying), a holiday on the Côte d'Azur is a pretty enjoyable experience.

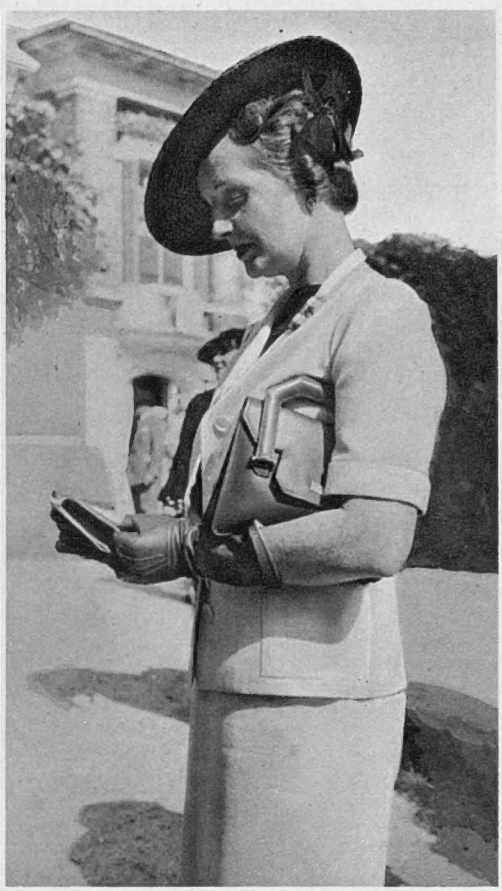
Eight Months' Hard Work

Miss Elsa Maxwell gave one of her famous parties down there lately at a restaurant at La Garoupe.

It was in honour of Miss Grace Moore, on the eve of her departure for America,

Princess Aly Khan

A Deauville snapshot of Prince Aly Khan's wife, who is Lord Churston's eldest sister. She and her husband have been staying with the Aga Khan at Deauville



The Begum Aga Khan

The Aga Khan's French wife was racing at Deauville when she was photographed, wearing a light tailored suit and a royal blue stiff straw hat

The Duff Coopers in Venice

Lady Diana Duff Cooper and her husband spent a few days in Venice before going on to join the King on the Nahlin. Mr. Duff Cooper is in attendance on the King until to-day

where she will be hard at work for the next eight months.

For this reason she begged to be excused a song, much to the disappointment of everyone present.

However, our beloved Beatrice Lillie obliged and made the party a complete success. Noel Coward was there, and Miss Dickie Fellowes Gordon, in a comic American sailor hat, was another of the many Riviera celebrities present.

Low Gambling

THE gambling at all the local casinos, we hear, is extraordinarily low, not more than fifteen hundred francs a side at the baccarat table, and anyone with a couple of mille being easily a big noise at chemin-de-fer.

The Paradise night club inside the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes is packed out every night, Borrah Minnevitch and his mouth-organ gang being a colossal success.

A Serious Accident

A TRAGIC happening that cast a gloom over the place was the motor accident that befell the nurse and children of Monsieur and Madame Prochet, who were staying at the Cap Hotel. The car overturned and fell into the dry bed of a river, and the chauffeur, nurse and two little boys are now all in the local clinic, desperately injured.

Monsieur Prochet, who is Italian, married a charming American, Mrs. Vogt.

A Plum-Coloured Sash

FEW modern country clubs can have had as much money spent on improvements, amusements, comfort and décor as the Santa Monica, near Staines.

The swimming-pool, which is not yet quite complete, is surrounded by a high, white wall of Spanish design, and there is a special river bathing-place as well.

Last Sunday week, encouraged by the sudden heat-wave, many people from surrounding houses were dining and dancing there.

The Rupert Byasses came over from Windsor, with Mr. Dick Sutton and Mr. Warden; Lady Veronica Hornby, in a simple white dress and a plum-coloured sash, arrived with Mrs. Smith Dorrien, Mr. Monkland and a charming Spaniard, whose name escaped us.

We caught a glimpse of Lady Veronica the day before at Croydon, also of Lady Milford Haven, who, clad in yellow linen with an amusing love-letter scarf, was there to meet a friend. That very good-looking young man, Lord Duncannon, arrived from somewhere about the same time.

A Charming Man

ONE distinguished visitor who is seen out and about these days is the Yuvaraja of Mysore, the brother and heir-presumptive of the richest Maharajah in the world.

He is a quiet and charming man, with greying hair and a gentle smile. We met him lunching one day last week with Sir Anthony Weldon and his tall younger brother at their flat in Grosvenor Place.

All the Weldon brothers, either singly or collectively, have done Far Eastern tours and been the guests of various Indian potentates.

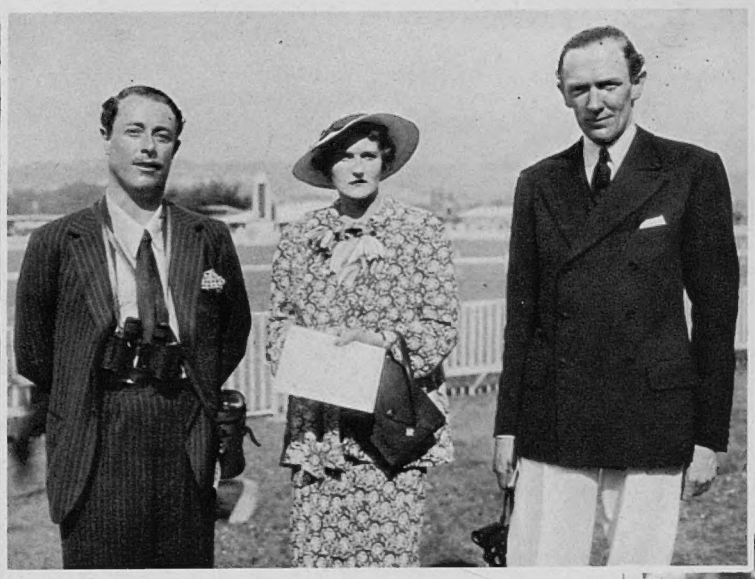
MISS PEEPS

Hollywood to Yorkshire

The Earl of Warwick, back from his Hollywood film-tests, was shooting last week in Yorkshire with Mr. H. M. Martineau (in the check suit) at Marske Hall, near Richmond

French Conference

Mme. Jacques Allez and M. James de Rothschild shared a serious view of life—just at that moment. Mme. Allez was Mrs. Charlie Munn



Yachtsmen Ashore

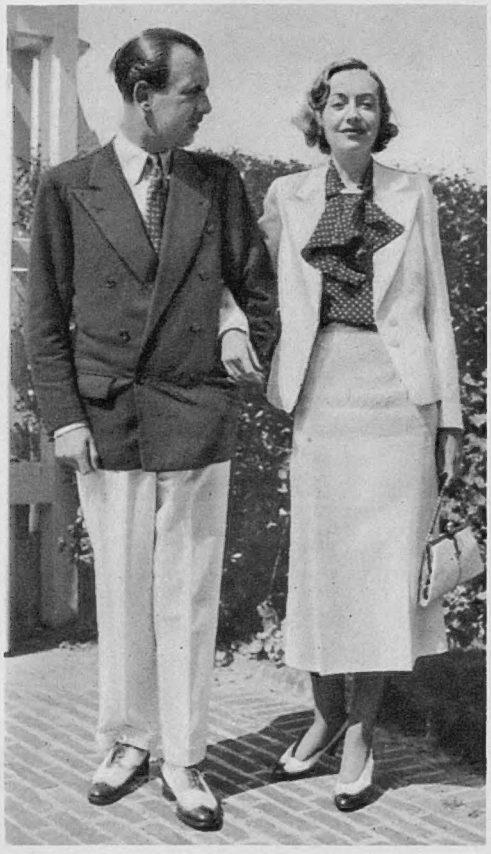
Mr. Nigel Seely and Mr. and Mrs. John Musker came ashore to race from the Muskers' yacht. They had just arrived at Deauville from St. Malo. Nigel Seely is Sir Hugh Seely's youngest brother

Below: Mrs. David Heneage sat in the paddock, smoked a cigarette, wore a white, very off-the-face high hat, and very dark glasses, and looked attractive in spite of them

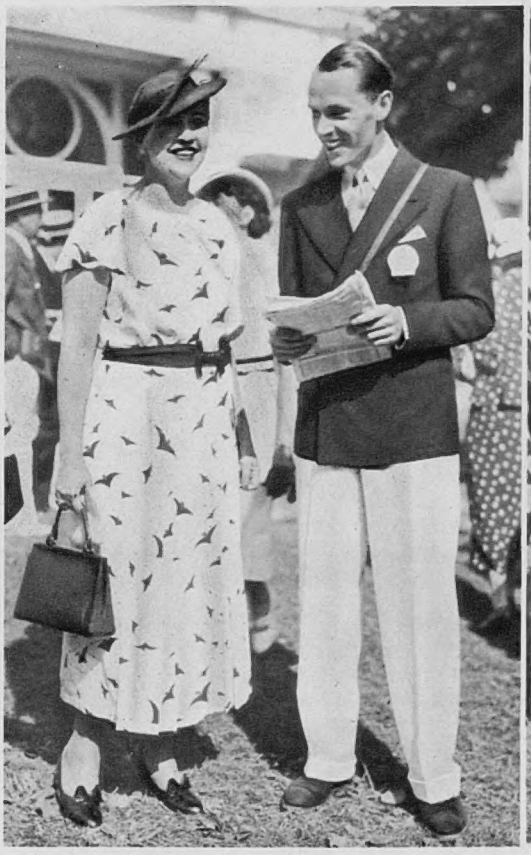
Mrs. David Heneage

Deauville

A Race-Course Selection, Mainly of English Faces



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower did a bit of Deauville and then went back to the Isle of Wight to stay with his parents for the rest of their holiday



Mrs. George Philippi was talking to Mr. Charles Hillard, who has been playing golf in the local competitions. She is Lady Lisburne's sister; her husband owns a famous Hampshire shoot

Mme. Carlos Garcia Calvo is with Mr. David Heneage. He was on holiday from Piccadilly shop-keeping; she is Spanish and her husband is Argentine

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 35

Beverley Nichols

BEVERLEY NICHOLS is the greatest moral hero I know. In 1918, having just secured his commission in a line regiment from an officer cadet battalion at Cambridge, he was brave enough to go on a propaganda job to the United States, having been "given leave" (I quote his own words) to act as secretary to the British Universities' Mission. That was two months before the Armistice. Which does not agree with his later account of himself in *Who's Who* at all. True, the white-feather cranks had ceased their activities. But still, everyone was distinctly war-minded, particularly the young men of nineteen with public school educations (Beverley was at Marlborough), who were so unimaginative that it never occurred to them to have the effrontery of not going to France. All of which proves that Beverley is a real dyed-in-the-wool pacifist, and his recent books on the Deity, garden paths, and war-mongering are not the result of a clever topical switch of opinion. (Bernard Shaw was the only other man who remained sane during the war. But Shaw was in his sixties and well above military age, so it was easy for him.)

Beverley is really that way and sincerity always pays. He has an immense following of earnest middle-aged and elderly readers, who were furious with the crude attacks on him launched in the Londoner's Diary a year or two ago. Recently he has become so obsessed with the Buchman outfit that he has had a mild nervous breakdown.

SINCERITY and charm, those are Beverley's great attributes. He writes cleverly, composes prettily, paints nicely, and speaks neatly in public. As a youth he was sincerely impertinent. As a grown-up he is equally sincere about lilies of the valley, the horrors of war, double red daisies, the need for religion, nasturtiums, sympathetic understanding between the classes, and daffodowndillies. But what I like about him is that he admits to it. He positively courts ridicule and sympathy. He wears sleek clothes, avoids race-courses, football crowds, even golf.

Whether he is happy or not I don't know. According to himself he is invited to so many luncheons, teas and dinners every night of his life that he scarcely knows which way to turn in his embarrassment. When he goes to a store to make a purchase he cannot give his real name for fear of the intense interest which would be immediately and inevitably shown by the shop-walker, the vendeuses, and anyone else in the neighbourhood. Which shows what sincerity will do for you.

It was Raymond Savage, the literary agent, who really "made" Beverley. But then they parted company. To-day he has a cottage in the country and a house in Hampstead, memories of Athens and New York, and of Dame Nellie Melba.

And have I been catty—or have I?

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Heavy Clouds

"The Ante-Room" (Queen's)

THE authors of this play, Kate O'Brien in collaboration with Geoffrey Gower and W. A. Carol, seem to be well agreed on one point—that is, the ignoring of the dramatic possibilities of their story. The scene of the play is set in Roseholm, a pleasant country house at Mellick, Ireland, in the year 1880, and the action drifts along in the placid gloom that is overhanging the house, where Mrs. Mulqueen lies upstairs, slowly dying of an incurable disease, while her family, in the ante-room of death, carry on with life which will not be denied, however heavy the shadows.

THERE is more than one cause for unhappiness in this household. The only son, Reggie (Denys Blakelock), is a pathetic figure of sub-normality due to prolonged illness, and the elder daughter, Agnes, moves like a woman under a spell; we soon learn that her tragedy is an illicit passion for Vincent de Courcy O'Regan (Clifford Evans), the husband of her sister, Marie Rose (Jessica Tandy). The most appealing member of the family is the father, Danny Mulqueen, whose character is touchingly drawn and beautifully acted by Morland Graham. The poor little man tries so hard to stand up to his sorrow—he is too simple-hearted and single-minded to perceive more than one, the mortal illness of his beloved wife—that he is the most moving figure.

THE people from the outer world who impinge on this family circle are, for the most part, doctors and nurses; there is Sister Emmanuel (Esme Church) from a nearby convent, a good, kind soul, full of sound common sense, who is on night duty, and Nurse Cunningham (Dorice Fordred), a singularly unlovable person, who has had a rough life and has an eye that never tires in its search for a chance that will give her comfort and security. This she finds at Roseholm, for in spite of the antagonism of his sister, she succeeds in arranging for herself a marriage with Reggie, who will obviously need someone to take care of him when his mother has gone. Then there are two distinguished specialists, one from Dublin, the other from London, who have been called to Mellick by the local G.P., Dr. Curran (Ronald Ward), a pleasant young man, who loves Agnes, and with whom she might have been very happy if it had not been for her extraordinary infatuation for Vincent. This is a point in the story that should be convincing enough to support itself, but it isn't; Vincent is really a tiresome, bad-tempered, bad-mannered man; he behaved abominably to his gay and brilliant wife, and there seems no reason why he and Agnes should fall in love. Diana Wynyard shows her as a level-headed, rather cold young woman, the type who would, with her profound religious principles, have promptly quashed such an undesirable passion in herself. A way out of the entanglement is found by Vincent's suicide, and, like another and more important character, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

THE last scene is in the nature of an epilogue; three years have passed, Agnes returns from travels abroad, Dr. Curran has transferred his affections to a now radiantly happy Marie Rose, dear old Mr. Mulqueen, delighted to have his daughter home again, rejoices, quite kindly, in the prospect of getting rid of Reggie and his nurse-wife; but, all said and done, it is a sterile ending, with a sense of frustration. Diana Wynyard's Agnes is a very clever study, but we are used to finding her more lovable; she appears to be at her best in the scenes with Jessica Tandy, whose Marie Rose is a brilliant piece of work. It would be interesting to see the same story in a modern setting and with modern treatment.

Cut and Dog exhibition: Mr. and Mrs. Vincent O'Regan (Jessica Tandy and Clifford Evans)

Agnes Mulqueen (Diana Wynyard) who loves and is loved—but not by the same person

Sketches by Rouson

Mutually advantageous marriage contract: Reggie (Denys Blakelock) and Nurse Cunningham (Dorice Fordred)

Anthony

Coral Brown — A Theatrical Airwoman

Miss Brown is a debutante to the London stage, but with a leading ladyship of five years behind her in Australia. She's now the exploring airwoman whose one idea is to see the North Pole from the sky in *Heroes Don't Care*, the amusing comedy at the St. Martin's, in which Carol Goodner and Felix Aylmer head the cast. She has also broken in on the film business over here, was in Douglas Fairbanks, Junior's, first production, *The Amateur Gentleman*, and was paired off with Nils Asther in a recent musical called *Guilty Melody*, which starred Gitta Alpar and John Loder

Peter North

The Countess of Feversham

Lady Feversham married the third Earl last May; before that she was the Hon. Anne Wood, and is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Halifax. This linking of two leading Yorkshire families took place at York Minster, with the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating. Lord Feversham became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture just before Parliament rose for the summer recess, succeeding his father-in-law, who had been dealing with agricultural questions in the House of Lords among his other duties. Lord Feversham was appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the late King in 1934, and remains in the same position in King Edward's Household

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"FATHER was very excited," observed Miss Witard, daughter of the ex-Lord Mayor of Norwich, who saw the sea-serpent off Eccles, Norfolk, the other day. The sea-serpent has been more punctual in opening the Silly Season this year than for some time—he 's possibly jealous of Spain—and this time he chose pretty respectable witnesses: Mr. Ammon, M.P. (Soc., N. Camberwell), Mr. Gosling, ex-M.P., and the ex-Lord Mayor aforesaid. He was 30 feet long and travelled at 90 miles an hour, and when Mr. Ammon said he was "probably a conger-eel," he reared up and spat fire, roaring like a lion. That 's our own little conjecture, put in to make it more difficult.

It 's possible, nevertheless, that the sea-serpent exists. A naval officer wrote a treatise on him some time ago, and whatever blondes may say about sailors, they 're pretty serious on their own ground. Dragons almost certainly existed. Look at pictures of the pterodactyl and you may agree. The great Tarasque of Beaucaire was a dragon. As to marine monsters, deep-sea sailors will tell you strange stories of what happens during a marine earthquake, and the terrifying things that get heaved up to the surface. The sea-serpent is a shrimp compared with them, and attempts to explain him away as a conger-eel or a whale or a flight of seabirds seem to us stupid.

Shun such complacent stupidity, carissimi. It is the mark of the don, who denies tradition and is perpetually made to look a fool. Most recent example—Mr. Ralegh Radford's excavations at Fowey, which have laid bare the foundations of the wooden palace of Mark, King of Cornwall and husband of Yseult la Blonde, who loved Tristan. Breton, Welch and Cornish legend stubbornly preserved King Mark's memory. The pedants have always scoffed. Now the archæologist's spade has whanged them once more on the noddle, very properly.

Lavender and Old Boots

HUMBLY eager, as ever, to discover what the big boys know, and why, we 've been carefully studying day by day the correspondence in the *Times* on the Spanish civil war. The big boys don't seem to know much actually, They contradict each other with frigid dignity on the political and other issues involved, the causes of the trouble, and the probable outcome. They contradict each other also on the attitude this country ought to adopt. Heaven forgive us if we 're wrong, but the only thing they seem to us to be firmly agreed on is that this foreign scuffling is bad form and could never happen here.

However, bobbing along on the turgid flow we recently discovered a letter by Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., which was pure delight, for Mr. Wedgwood knows the wicked priests are at the bottom of all Spain's troubles. Rarely nowadays can one hope to recapture the authentic atmosphere of Exeter Hall in the 1850's, the swish of the crinoline, the oleaginous accents of the Chadbands, the smell of brandished damp umbrellas, the wheezings of the harmonium. People travel so much more nowadays, and read so much more, and use their eyes and ears and intelligence so much more, that it seemed hardly possible such persuasions could still exist. Even Auntie *Times* expressed anxiety the other day as to who was going to take over all the educational and welfare work in Spain now the clergy are being massacred. Now that Victorian objets d'art are coming back to favour, somebody ought to cut Mr. Wedgwood out and frame him in plush.

"Could we coach it for a fourth at bridge?"

Nize Baby

OF all the girls that are so sweet there 's none like Señora Dolores Ibarrui, Red M.P., known to her many friends and admirers as "the Passion Flower." The Señora, writing in a Red paper, says there must be no truce, nor pity, nor compassion. The traitors must be exterminated and their wives and children held as hostages. The word with the Passion Flower, in fact, is Gore.

Those who like women and the things they do must have noticed how more ferocious the women Reds in Spain are than the men. Much the same was noticed in the French Revolution, and again during the Commune of 1871, when the pétroleuses were so useful, in their womanly way. The girls did pretty well, also, in the beginning of the Bolshevik rising. Revolution develops their natural savagery, their steely implacability, their tigerish gift for making everybody uncomfortable. We get it in a mild form in this country with women juries. It 's common knowledge among lawyers that 96 per cent. of

women delinquents are terrified at the prospect of being judged by their own sex. Women are pretty awful.

The odd thing is that although the sages of all time, from the author of *Lysistrata* and the early mediæval poet who called women "sweet poison," down to a don we know who is sick with foreboding and fear whenever a woman comes into the room—the odd thing is that though everybody agrees about them, they 're still flattered and fawned on by 90 per cent. of their potential victims. Or, alternatively, it isn't odd.

After the Ball

REFRESHING to find Trevor Wignall, ace sports writer, pulling a derisive snook at the traditional excuses for our poor exhibition in the Olympic Games. Wignall especially pilloried two of the more picturesque ones: (*a*) that Britons have at any rate never lost the habit of losing like gentlemen; and (*b*) that even if we *are* defeated it doesn't lessen our "prestige." "Where," Wignall pertinently inquires, demolishing this poohbah, "is the sanity of entering for events at all if defeats are thought to be as worthy as victories?"

The most reasonable suggestion made to Wignall so far is that we shouldn't enter for any more Olympic Games, but play in our own backyard and have Games of our own, the competitors to be exclusively English, Welsh, Scots, and (Northern) Irish. In this way we shouldn't be made to look silly by the Americans, the Finns, the Germans and the Japanese. It 's high time somebody complained about those slant-eyed Oriental deceivers, to begin with.

Their business is to trot round under the cherry-trees, doing quaint things with fans and chopsticks, not beating the pants off stalwart British athletes.

"Where Fifi stays, I stay"

"Gad, Freddie, I swear I brought my umbrella"

Before long they 'll be taking to cricket and humiliating the M.C.C. and the bench of bishops alike. It 's pretty hon. damnable, and it cannot help gravely affecting the religious training of our youth. How can we keep a straight bat if a lot of chattering undersized foreigners keep an even straighter one?

It 's a mistake to think these worries sour Mr. Wignall, incidentally, in spite of all his burdens. More than once we have encountered him, and lingered, hoping to hear some terrific jeremiad on England's decline and doom. All he has actually complained of, his spectacles flashing more in leniency than anger, has been the quality of the beer.

Played, Sir!

IT 's rather disturbing to read that when Crooner Al Bowlly returned to England after a recent visit to America and asked for £250 a week when offered a variety engagement, they jibbed and offered him just half. £12,500 a year is what we should say any crooner who respects his larynx is well worth, and Mr. Bowlly very properly turned the offer down. The crooning industry should honour such a stand.

Yet, like so many big discoveries, it all began so simply! Gravity began with an apple falling on Newton's bean, Archimedes discovered the truth about water displacement by slopping over in his bath, and crooning began with stomach-ache in America. You may have forgotten the story? An obscure New York singer named Ed Wizzick, singing a song about his cruel sweetie into the microphone, suddenly twisted himself and began to moan. "Snap out of it, Ed," growled the conductor. "I can't," said Mr. Wizzick, moaning louder, "it 's in the family." He got through his song somehow, and next day there were 50,000 fan letters, including 678 offers of marriage. "You have made me realise the meaning of Life," wrote Mrs. Dulcie F. Wudgheimer, of Muncey,

Ind. "Your singing put me right in touch with the Infinite," declared Bishop Fanny G. Gollop of the Seventh Day Jebusites, "I could cherish you spiritually in a big way." To his surprise, Mr. Wizzick had become America's white-headed boy in a single night. Quick to follow his lead, leading dance-band vocalists rushed to give themselves stomach-ache by wolfing canned lobster and green apples and other painful things. Then Dr. Hay pronounced that this wasn't strictly necessary, and synthetic crooning was launched as we know and love it to-day.

Big Girl

LOVERS of Old Brighton must have been surprised and interested to read the other day that Martha Gunn's nephew had just celebrated his diamond wedding. Massive hoarse-voiced Martha was a tremendous Brighton character a hundred years ago. As Bathing-Woman-in-Chief she ruled the beach and gave the young Prince Regent his first ducking in the English Channel. The Regent rather favoured her. There's a story of his suddenly entering the kitchens of the Pavilion and finding Mrs. Gunn hastily trying to conceal in her ample corsage a pound of butter, privily filched with the chef's connivance. Playfully the Regent edged her nearer and nearer the fire, talking all the time, till the butter melted. He liked a harmless joke, did the First Gentleman.

Until the internal-combustion engine came to destroy so many pleasant things, Brighton was full of characters. The wild Regency bucks; "Romeo" Coates, the Antiguan eccentric, with his gilded shell-shaped chariot, and his passion for acting; the important gentleman Hazlitt saw on the Chain Pier ordering the tide to come in; Edmund Yates and the long-haired mysterious poet in the cloak, and the Rev. Mr. Pyecroft and the others E. V. Lucas used to meet; the flamboyant actor-managers and opulent Gaiety sweeties of the 'nineties — where are such vivid types now? Probably the last local personalities to quit the Brighton scene before Harry Preston's recent death were the two dignified old ladies who kept the famous oyster-shop near the Albion, and allowed no smoking, whatever the customer's rank. They came right out of *Cranford*, and their existence in the petrol age was a perpetual marvel.

Now Harry Preston, who personified Brighton for so many, has gone too, and there is nobody.

Quandary (Uh, Huh)

THE Marx Brothers are apparently having trouble in rechristening themselves for their rôles in Thalberg's picture *A Day at the Races*. The Metro-Goldwyn publicity boys, explaining that every time the Marxes hit on a comic name it turns out to be a real one in the 'phone-book, have the nerve to suggest that such names as Phineas X. Flitterwaggle and Bogel D. Plug-folder are among these. For recent Radio purposes the Marxes called themselves Beagel, Shyster, and Beagel. A real Beagel filed a protest.

Dickens had no such trouble. He took his Jellybys and Tootses and Gamps and Chickenstalkers from newspapers and directories, and nobody ever sued him. Nowadays, as Sir John Squire once complained, if a novelist takes the most agonised pains to make up a fantastic name, like Mulciber Whoopingnose or Berzelius Fibbledibber, some dread unknown will start up from Merthyr Tydfil or Piddinghoe or somewhere, demanding why a name long honoured in the district has been thus pilloried, and threatening writs. Actually — we may be wrong—terribly comic names are apt to blunt the sensibilities. The *New Yorker* warned would-be contributors gently some time ago about sending in quaint bits involving characters named Joe Boopus or Miss Gutch. So far as we know *Punch* has the same misgivings, actuated chiefly by considerations of refinement. To get an article into *Punch* you have to name your characters Archie and Celia. The *Times* seems less particular.

Two ways out have been suggested to novelists desiring to save their loving publishers the pain of being writted. One is to number the characters. The other is to go back to the eighteenth century theatrical convention and name them Lord Sparkish, Mrs. Turpitude, Sir John Brute, Sir Harry Rake, Mrs. Trickett, Prudence Pureworthy, and so forth. The Marx Brothers could get some fun out of that, too, no doubt.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I brought the old dad along"

Films of the Day

Synthetic Comedy : By George Campbell

JOE E. BROWN is a remarkable comedian. He is probably the funniest unfunny man in the world. There is, I suppose, a certain rudimentary humour in the rubbery contortions of an outsize mouth, grimaces of dismay and declamation in a uniform fortissimo; but it is the humour of Billy Bennett and Harry Tate, it is the humour of the British music hall, and it should be allowed to stay there. Whenever one of its exemplars strays into Filmland he seems as unreal and remote as John Bunny and Mack Swain and all the acrobatic comics who never turned a corner without clutching their hats and leaping three feet into the air.

"I went to see some brothers—four, I think—yes, I am positive there were four," said Marie Tempest to me the other day, looking up with her bright young eyes as *her* mind, too, went roaming back, recalling impressions of the only seven pictures she has seen. "Do *you* think they're funny? *I* don't think they're funny. Not a *bit* funny." And she went off, shaking her head, while I meditated on the inability of the greatest comic actress of her generation to see anything amusing in the men whom highbrows agree in finding the most significant comics of the talkie age.

I MENTION the incident because I feel about Mr. Brown precisely as Miss Tempest feels about the Marx brothers. I cannot see that the man in himself is even mildly amusing. I say "in himself" because, as in the case of Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, one must distinguish between the star's own comic gift and the total effect of his productions. W. C. Fields is a natural comedian. Without relying on anything so broad as caricature he looks funny, sounds funny and is funny. Groucho Marx, too, is a wit; put him and Beppo in a telephone booth or a box-room, deprive him of all aids but his own resources, and he will still keep an audience laughing. You could not say the same of Mr. Lloyd, much though I like his personality and enjoy his pictures. As for Mr. Brown, you have only to imagine him standing before an audience as the late Will Rogers did, and entertaining them by sheer brilliance of invention and delivery—you have only to picture this to realise that his work is wholly synthetic.

THIS is not to say that synthetic comedies are valueless. In some ways, Mr. Lloyd's *The Milky Way* is the best comedy we have seen this year. Mr. Brown's *Sons o' Guns* is about three classes lower, but it has some of the same speed, mechanical ingenuity and general efficiency. The timid American who is shipped off to the war against his will, disorganises the regiment, philanders with pretty French girls, and ends up by accidentally performing some deed that wins him recognition as a hero, has been a stock figure ever since Chaplin's brilliant *Shoulder Arms*. Mr. Brown adds nothing new to the old formula, but, thanks to his boisterous energy and a lively script and direction, he just about gets away with it.

There is a scene in which a British officer is shown getting thoroughly tight that seems to have annoyed some people. Americans would probably retort that we have produced hundreds of farces on stage and screen in which the same bit of business is employed; and they would add, quite fairly, I think, that they satirise their own people and institutions much more savagely than ours. Witness the debunkings of Hollywood, big business, Broadway, the Services and even the White House.

Gigli in "Forget Me Not"

Zoltan Korda, brother of "Alexander the Great," made the English musical "Forget Me Not" (Leicester Square), the film which drew from the critics such epithets as "simple," "diffident," and "sentimental." The plot is old, it moves slowly, but the performances of Joan Gardner ("lifts her into the front rank of young English actresses"), little Richard Gofe ("guaranteed to make a misogynist laugh"), and Signor Beniamino Gigli ("undeniably in good voice") go far to redeem it

ZOLTAN KORDA, Alexander the Great's younger brother, is a quiet, gentle, artistic man, and in *Forget Me Not*, his first production since *Sanders of the River*, he has produced a quiet, gentle, artistic picture. It is a musical starring the famous Italian tenor Beniamino Gigli. Signor Gigli, to be frank, is not a romantic figure. He and the director have been sensible enough to recognise the fact that a stoutish, middle-aged man needs special screen treatment, and have spared us the conventional great lover pursued by adoring women. The heroine of *Forget Me Not*, charmingly played by Joan Gardner, is in love with a handsome young naval officer; they fall out, and she marries the singer on the rebound.

The singer adores her, and she is content until the former lover comes back into her life. The young man tells her he is going away to breed sheep at the Antipodes, the modern substitute for shooting lions in Darkest Africa: will she join him at the boat-train? The singer, in the midst of a concert, gets wind of her impending bolt, and there is an effective scene in which he is forced to sing while he sees his wife leave her box and slip out—as he thinks, to join her lover. He finishes the song as he rushes through the audience to the door, and then, for some odd reason, does not tear off in a taxi to the station, but goes home and sings a lullaby to his child.

Needless to say, his wife comes home in time to witness this touching tableau, but one couldn't help wishing the finale had been contrived with a little more ingenuity.

CONSTANCE BENNETT has never been one of my favourites, and in *Everything Is Thunder*—a rather pretentious title, by the way—she does little to convince me I have done wrong by her. Douglass Montgomery, on the other hand, proves again that he is one of the sincerest, most impressive young dramatic actors on the screen, and I trust that Gaumont-British will arrange for us to see more of him.

Oskar Homolka and Constance Bennett in "Everything Is Thunder"

"Everything Is Thunder" (who can fathom the minds of film title-givers?) went into the New Gallery programme last week. It is Constance Bennett's first English film and she plays one of those (German) angels of the pavement only found in fiction. Douglass Montgomery gives a fine performance as the escaping war prisoner whom she harbours, and Oskar Homolka, one of the most interesting actors in England, is the Herr Kapitän on their track

"The Cross-Patch"

The First Dutch Comedy at the Academy

De Kribbebijter (*The Cross-Patch*) is the first comedy to come from Holland, and had its English première at the Academy on Monday. Directed in Amsterdam by Hermann Kosterlitz and Ernst Winar, it is taken from an old Dutch stage-story of the taming of a masculine shrew—a surly Baron, played by Cor Ruys. The love-story is supplied by Frits van Dongen and Dolly Mollinger, and Louis Borel, who has made a name on the English stage (*Return to Yesterday* and *The Visitor*) is in the cast. *De Kribbebijter* is a Holfi film

Family Retainer: 81-Year-Old August Kiehl

Right: The Shrew Tamed: Cor Ruys

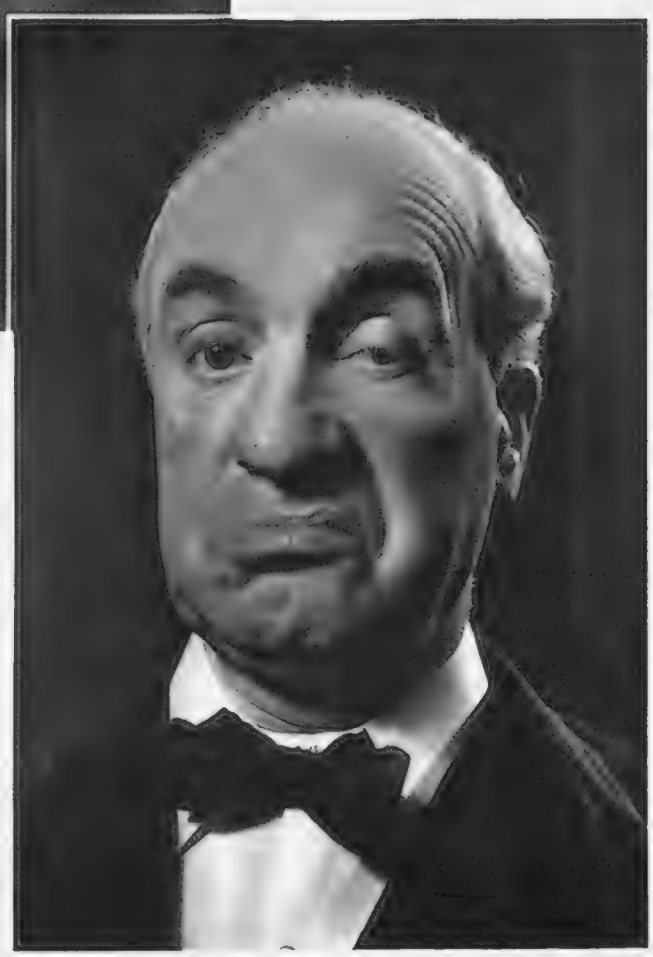
Lovers — Cause of the Trouble: Dolly Mollinger and Frits van Dongen

"Anthony and Anna"

A Whitehall Fixture

Anthony (Harold Warrender) to Anna (Lucille Lisle)
"Don't tell lies, Anna. You have got a smut on your nose"

Photographs by John Everard



George (James Harcourt)
"In my opinion, 'alf the people in the world ought to be dead, and the other 'alf ought never to 'ave been born"

Next month *Anthony and Anna* celebrates its 350th anniversary, and breaks the record for the Whitehall Theatre. This is the more remarkable because the play so nearly came to grief in the first week or two of its run last November. However, the gallant manager, J. P. Mitchelhill, handed it over to the cast instead of taking it off, and running it on a co-operative basis the company have found themselves handling a most profitable production ever since. It is excellent entertainment, this comedy of St. John Ervine's about the young man who won't work except by hiring himself and his charm out to hostesses in dilemmas, and the millionaire's daughter who thinks she can convert him from his idle ways. Harold Warrender plays the young man; Lucille Lisle has now taken Jessica Tandy's part as the heroine; James Harcourt, perfect as George, the old family butler, is another member of the enterprising and well-rewarded cast

Norman Parkinson

Basque Fisherman

Tunny-fishing is his summer job; in winter he fishes the Atlantic for sardines. Dark, weather-beaten, thick-necked, toughly courageous, with the inevitable béret on his head, he's typical of the Basque fishermen of St. Jean-de-Luz. He worked on the boat from which the pictures on the two following pages were taken

Atlantic Tun

In the North Sea, Tunny-Fishing is ... is the Way the Basque Fishermen

The Basque fishermen of St. Jean-de-Luz fish from small steam trawlers, with a crew of about a dozen. The big tunny, up to five hundred pounds, are caught ten and twenty miles out to sea; the smaller fish, like the one caught on this trip, are found about five miles out, and weigh up to a hundred pounds. By means of a very complicated tackle, eleven hooks are trawled behind the boat, the hooks cunningly concealed in maize straw which exactly resembles a fish as it is drawn through the water. Hand-lines are held with a thick woollen guard over the fingers, otherwise when the tunny bites the sleepy fisherman would find his hands lacerated to the bone by the tearing, red-hot cord. When a tunny is caught, the trawling stops, the line is hauled in till the tunny is alongside, and the skilled "gaffsman" lands it with his long, hooked pole. The lashing monster is stunned with an iron bar, and the trawling starts again. Threepence a pound is about the price the fishermen get for their haul when they get back to St. Jean harbour in the evening. The tunny is canned

Waiting for a Bite, They Sing or They Sleep

Below: *Nearly In, and a Fine Fish*

ıy - Fishing

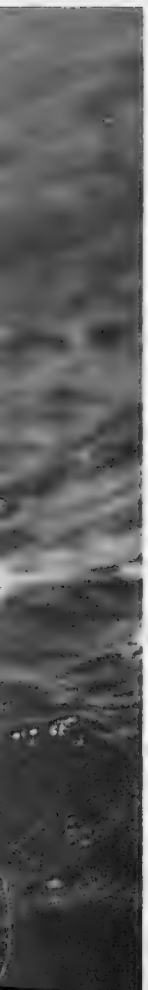
n Expensive Sport; Here it Earn Their Summer Living

Photographs

by

Norman Parkinson

On the right, two of the crew are drawing the tunny alongside, while the other two wait with their gaffs—long wooden poles with an iron hook bound to the end. Below are a series of "landing" pictures: the fish gaffed, then weightily and carefully lifted up out of the sea, and lastly the ugly monster lying on deck, well hooked in the lower jaw



Photographs
by
Anthony

Lichine and Baronova as the Poet and the Young Lady

Below: ***Riabouchinska as the Chief Spirit***

A tryst in a garden pavilion, a poet bewitched from his rendezvous by a spirit and her attendants, a wistful solo by the deserted maiden, and a reunion of the lovers despite the wiles of the spirits—such is the brief fairy-tale Boris Kochno evolved for Lichine's third ballet. It was first presented two weeks ago, and is only the second new ballet to be given during the long de Basil season at Covent Garden, which is now arranged to end on Saturday. Neither of Lichine's earlier ballets, *Nocturne* and *Les Imaginaires*, is in the present repertoire; *Le Pavillon*, on the other hand, has been a definite success, and appears a dozen times on the programmes of these three weeks. Lichine himself takes the part of the poet, a gallant, brightly-coloured figure moving through the evanescent airy enchantments of the ballet. Riabouchinska, light and swift-moving, and Baronova, herself an incarnation of poetry, have parts that excellently suit them. The music is Borodine's, arranged by Antal Dorati, one of the Company's two conductors. The dresses and decor are by Cecil Beaton

"Le Pavillon"

A New Fairy-Tale of the Ballet by David Lichine

Pas de Trois by Baronova, Riabouchinska and Lichine

Howard Coster

Sidney Bernstein — High Low-Brow

From the Sutton Plaza to the Willesden Empire, from the Enfield Rialto to the Tooting Granada, Sidney Bernstein has a finger in the filmic pie. His first job in the exhibiting business was fetching tobacco for his father, who owned a few small cinemas, which he left at his death in 1920 to Bernstein junior. Sidney Bernstein now owns thirty important cinemas, and has ten more building. But although his business is regarded as low-brow, his true interests are art and politics. He has an original John in his office, owned the first Paul Klee and Diego Rivera in this country, and collects Picasso and Degas enthusiastically. Political books he devours with relish, and he holds a sympathetic watching brief on Soviet Russia, whose visa appears several times on his well-marked passport. South America he knows well already, and has just returned from a 6000-mile motor tour of the United States, studying film supply and demand at the source. He is thirty-six and a bachelor

"Bystander" Short Story No. 52

Two At Thirty Paces

By Anthony Gittins

Decoration by Alfons Purtscher

SOMEWHERE in the Eifel, not far from the Belgian frontier, I came in the noon heat to a forester's cottage.

It stood furtively among the trees, and atoned for intrusion by resembling, as far as possible, the sombre shades of the forest. There was about it a neutral atmosphere, as if its presence were not really required nor yet wholly indispensable. The silent road passed within fifty metres of it.

Since the next village lay seven kilometres away, and since it was almost two o'clock, I turned into the wood and approached the cottage, in the hope of lunching there. The cool air among the trees was in such contrast to the heat on the road that, by the time I had reached the little dwelling, I felt an unusual chilliness.

Near the door, a few hens morosely pecked and clucked, fitfully clucked and pecked. . . . I knocked. The sound startled them. They squawked and scuttled away.

After waiting for a while, I was about to repeat the knock, when a woman came round the corner of the cottage and civilly, but in a subdued manner, asked what I wanted. Not often do the German peasantry use their front doors, and I was apt to regard as suspicious their habit of appearing from a side-entrance, until I realised that it was merely more convenient for them. Usually, too, it was the shortest way from the kitchen.

Nevertheless, I felt that this woman had been observing me for some moments before she spoke. I do not know why; perhaps it was only the still, sombre atmosphere that made me fanciful.

Upon hearing my request for lunch, she led me through a stone-flagged kitchen to a sitting-room and offered me eggs, bread-and-cheese, or *fleisch*. I refused only the latter, and she went to prepare the meal, leaving me there alone.

It was an interesting and neatly-furnished room. The walls were plainly papered, and hung with many pairs of antlers. In one corner stood a cabinet with a glass door, full of polished rifles and guns.

Most surprisingly, too, there were two photographs over the desk. One was of a boy, the other of a girl, and both were charming children. I had estimated their ages as six and nine respectively, and was admiring their portraits, when the door opened to admit the forester himself.

He could not have been older than forty, but his features were so depressed, so bowed down, that I stared involuntarily for a moment before greeting him. Then he made but a laconic reply and, seating himself heavily, gazed at the floor, his unshaven chin cupped in his hands, his elbows resting on his breeched knees.

Rarely have I seen such dejection in the face of any man. He looked forlorn and utterly inconsolable. I wondered. Then I thought that I recognised the symptoms as those of a man who, having found in his wife no sympathy with his dearest wish, wanted to discuss the matter with a stranger, but was too shy to broach it.

And no interest, I judged, was dearer and nearer to the heart of this man than his shooting. The mounting of the antlers, the scrupulous cleanliness and excellence of his little armoury, betrayed his greatest love in life. Of course, I except his wife and his children. . . .

At this moment, it seemed to me a

(*Concluded on page 368*)

Two At Thirty Paces

(Continued from page 367)

little strange that I had neither seen nor heard the boy or the girl. For usually, in these country places, the children are in evidence at all hours, and especially so when a stranger has arrived. And they surely were his children, because the likeness was unmistakable.

Still, to make conversation, I nodded at the photographs and said to him :

" You have two fine children."

He looked up slowly, in a listless, absent manner, and stared at the pictures without a trace of expression on his face, as if he were unconscious.

" My children . . . yes," he muttered dully, and dropped his eyes to the floor again.

It was not encouraging. However, after a brief silence, I tested him with a reference to his armoury. Momentarily there was a change of expression in his features, and then despondency hardened them once more.

He said slowly, in a low voice :

" I shall never shoot again."

" But, good heavens, why not ? " I demanded.

" Because," he rejoined, after another pause, " because of something that happened here last week."

" In this house ? "

" No. In the forest."

I waited. His manner puzzled me. Then, for the first time, I sensed tragedy. And if there had been a tragedy, it was not for me to appear curious.

" It was in the forest, last week," he resumed slowly, speaking in German. " I had a rifle with me. About dusk I was quite close here, on my return, when I saw movements in the long growth fringing the trees. Then I saw the horns of two roebuck. Only the horns."

Here he stopped, and the silence was so intense that I felt compelled to say something.

" Roebuck ? " I queried.

" Small deer," he replied and, pinching the skin of his neck with his left thumb and forefinger, he looked at the opposite wall and pointed with his other thumb. " Those are roebuck horns. I got those two pairs last year."

This, I thought, was an appropriate juncture to compliment him on his collection. Besides, it evidently pained him deeply to tell his story, so I did not wish to betray eagerness to hear it.

" It 's the best collection I 've seen in these parts," I added.

He shrugged, and replied in a queer, dead monotone :

" I have the reputation of being the best shot on this side of the Rhine."

And only then did I realise how passionately he loved shooting, and how deep was his pride in his ability. Even his heart-broken dejection could not disguise the fervour behind his words.

" Well," he said, continuing his story, " I saw the horns of the two roebuck above the undergrowth. Just such horns as those, you understand ? " he added, nodding again at the ones on the wall. " The animals were about thirty paces away, on the other side of a little river. They seemed to be fighting. I could see the grass shaking, and occasionally their horns locked. But I could not see their bodies at all. Still, at that distance . . . "

He broke off, and stared at me with that peculiar, stunned look, that blank expression of unconsciousness, as if he were telling the story without understanding it.

" I fired twice," he resumed, " aiming in each case about shoulder-high. The grass did not move any more, and the horns dropped out of sight, so I—so I——" Again he broke off.

" So you thought you 'd bagged two roebuck ? " I suggested.

" So I thought I 'd killed two roebuck," he repeated automatically. " Only thirty paces," he muttered, staring at the floor. " Only thirty paces."

" Yes," I interrupted, for he seemed to have forgotten to conclude the story. " And what then ? "

" What then ? " he echoed blankly. " Oh, let me see." He thought for a moment. " Well, I came home. I meant to go round by the bridge and fetch them after supper. I came into this room, and those two pairs of horns were missing from the wall."

I started, and looked at him strangely.

" That 's all," he said brokenly. " I just called to my wife and asked where the horns were, and she said she didn't know. Then she asked me if I knew where the children were. So I went out to look for them, and I thought I might go round by the bridge at the same time, to see——" His voice trailed off. " Thirty paces," he muttered again.

For a moment I could not speak. Then I said, in a whisper :

" You mean, you—your children had—had taken the horns and—and were playing——" I concluded the sentence with the fearful question in my eyes.

He looked up suddenly, and seemed to wake from his stupor.

" Oh, Lord, no ! " he exclaimed, with the ghost of a smile. " The children had taken down the horns to polish them. But just think of it ! " He banged his fist on the table. " For me, *me*, Johann Goetz, the best shot west of the Rhine, to miss two roebuck at thirty paces ! "

He lapsed unexpectedly into his old lugubrious state. " My eyesight 's failing," he muttered. " That 's what it is ; my eyesight 's going——"

THE END.

Arrival in England

Of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawton (Evelyn Laye) on the Europa last week. They came from Hollywood, where Evelyn Laye last made " The Night is Young " with Novarro for M.-G.-M.—shown here in 1935. Frank Lawton is to play the lead in the John Clein production of " The Mill on the Floss " ; it goes into production at Sound City Studios, Shepperton

Young - Marrieds in France

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké at Their Château

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké divide their time between their lovely old French château at Cernoy, in the Oise département, and a flat in Grosvenor Square. They have spent most of their summer in France, with relays of their friends going over from England to stay with them. Mr. Hanké works on the Stock Exchange in London

Host and Guests

Mr. Ralph Hanké took his view between the heads of Miss Pat Clulow-Gray and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Tillotson, who was Leila Child before her marriage

The Fourteenth-Century Château des Trois Etots

Below : another snapshot of the host and hostess, Mr and Mrs. Ralph Hanké, and Mr. Sidney Tillotson, who married Mrs. Hanké's sister. He is a cousin of Lord Leverhulme

Mrs. Ralph Hanké and a Duck

Mrs. Ralph Hanké was June Child before her marriage three years ago ; she and Mrs. Tillotson are the daughters of Mme. d'Avila de Peña

Young Visitors

Miss Pat Clulow-Gray and the Hon. Angela Greenwood have both been over to stay with the Hankés. Angela Greenwood is Lord and Lady Greenwood's younger daughter

Garden Conference

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Travellers' Tales: By Alan Thomas

MR. PETER FLEMING goes from strength to strength. He has already two travel books to his credit which are, in their particular genre, unrivalled. And now, with his third, *News from Tartary* (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*), he may be said to have achieved a kind of literary hat-trick, in that the new book is as good as, if not better than, its predecessors. Early last year, Mr. Fleming and his companion, Mlle. Maillart, crossed Central Asia by an almost unknown route. They started from Peking, and went by way of Chinese Turkestan over the Himalayas to India. The journey took seven months: they covered 3500 miles, and it cost them £150 apiece. Their objects were, first, to see what was the exact political situation in Tartary; and, second, to travel for enjoyment. And, says Mr. Fleming, they enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

The political news the travellers brought back from Tartary shows pretty conclusively that the Russian bear is squeezing out the British lion, and that the Soviet Government can make Tartary its own whenever it thinks fit. Although Mr. Fleming does not mince his words when he is showing up the dirty work of the U.S.S.R., he makes it clear that he has no prejudice against the Russian ideology.

The story of the journey itself Mr. Fleming tells with his own particular brand of racy and iconoclastic wit. Dangers and difficulties are always minimised and achievements understated with a convincing modesty. "Heavily underpassported," unarmed, except for the famous rook rifle, with the scantiest of equipment, and taking no precautions, these two crossed uncharted deserts and bandit-infested passes, and, miraculously, nothing critical ever happened. For pluck and grit, Ella Maillart was Peter Fleming's match, and he pays her warm tribute.

I got as much enjoyment out of Mr. Fleming's book as Mr. Fleming seems to have got out of his travels. And that is saying a great deal.

MR. CECIL LEWIS'S book, *Sagittarius Rising* (Peter Davis; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a brilliant piece of autobiography. In 1915, when he was seventeen years old, Mr. Lewis joined the R.F.C. With fourteen hours' experience of flying, he was sent out to France. His ambition from the first was the light fast single-seater scout. "To be alone, to have your life in your hands, to use your own skill, single-handed, against the enemy." He achieved that ambition—and much else besides. Even when his job was to fly over the enemy's lines taking photographs, he couldn't resist the chance of a scrap. After eight months overseas, four months of the Somme battle, three hundred and fifty hours in the air—surely a record for young pilots in those days—he put in a brief spell at home on testing work, and then went overseas again, this time with a fighting squadron. His was one of the eleven scouts detailed to deal with Richthofen and his circus of Red Albatrosses. Of the eleven, only five returned. Later, with a wound stripe up, Mr. Lewis was posted to Home Defence. But the Armistice found him out in France once more. The last two chapters describe his journey out East in 1920, and his efforts to teach the Chinese how to fly.

Cecil Lewis

"A thinker, a master of words, and a bit of a poet" is one of Bernard Shaw's descriptions of Cecil Lewis, in the amusing and enthusiastic appreciation Mr. Shaw was moved to write by "Sagittarius Rising," Mr. Lewis's story of his Flying Corps experiences, which is reviewed here this week

Sagittarius Rising, which held me from cover to cover, is not only a story of hair-raising achievement and miraculous escape. It is an epic of the air, a lasting memorial to "the adventurous spirits, the devil-may-care young bloods of England—men who were not happy unless they were taking risks." Coming from a man who knows what war is, Mr. Lewis's advocacy of a sane internationalism is all the more impressive. His book should become a classic in the literature of flying.

A BOOK to read, if you want to know the kind of thing that goes on behind the political scenes in Europe, is Mr. George Slocombe's *Men in Arms* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). His novel centres round what is commonly known as "the arms racket"; that is to say, the fostering of an industry—the manufacture of and trade in arms—which is founded upon men's fear. The story is cast in the form of fiction, but in its main lines is very typical of fact. The Baltic port of Marmo, the majority of whose citizens have proclaimed their allegiance to Latvia, remains nevertheless under Lithuanian rule. But the spirit of Latvia, "the pride of nationality," though dormant, is not dead. The seeds of revolt are there, and with the decline of prosperity and the common distrust, envy and hatred of the Lithuanian usurper, the soil becomes fertile enough for these seeds to germinate. Their sprouting, growth and fructification is carefully watched and tended by a number of choice, disinterested spirits — armament manufacturers, soldiers of fortune, agents provocateurs, international adventuresses and spies. After all, they have their livings to earn. In the course of the narrative Mr. Slocombe discourses, mostly through the mouths of his characters, on the drift of European events; he takes us all over the Continent, admits us to secret meetings between Presidents of States and Foreign Ministers, as well as to the Council of the League of Nations, and, drawing upon his knowledge of European personalities gives us thumbnail sketches of such men as Lenin, Trotsky, Hitler and Caillaux. *Men in Arms* is an awful warning conveyed in the form of a most intriguing novel.

I CONFESS with shame that for years the Art of the Antipodes has for me been represented solely by the genius of Low. I have been made to realise the extent of my ignorance by the two magnificent volumes of Mr. William Moore's, entitled *The Story of Australian Art* (Angus and Robertson; 50*s.*). This record has taken twenty years of research to compile. Apart from the rock paintings of the Aborigines, Australian art may be said to have been begun by the members of Captain Cook's crews. The good work was continued by some of the convicts from Botany Bay: one forger, whose work still remains, was adept in altar-pieces.

Thanks to the devotion and enthusiasm of Mr. Moore, these volumes contain an account of the work of every artist or sculptor who has been associated in any way with Australia. It was inevitable that in almost every case, with the development of their talents, the most promising of the artists went to Europe. But a young country that can teach artists and sculptors of the calibre of Charles Conder, George W. Lambert and Sir Bertram Mackennal their first steps, has reason to be proud of its Art nursery. And now, after looking at the excellent reproductions of Australian pictures in these two volumes, all one wants to see is the canvases themselves. Australia House, please note.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

There is an old-world charm about this picture frock in ivory taffeta strewn with gold-lacquered flowers. It comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and will doubtless travel south to Monte Carlo, which is thronged with visitors. The bodice is shirred and moulded to the figure, while the full panelled skirt sweeps the ground. A hem of black kilting is reminiscent of the days when women wore several taffeta petticoats, which rustled as they walked. Black monkey-fur is being used to trim many of the new evening frocks, in which the tunic is prominently featured. Draped effects continue, and velvet in rich jewel colourings is fashionable

Lenare

A Fortnight In September

Travel in Tweed

Many people prefer to take their holiday in September, often the loveliest month in the year. There is, however, a certain chill in the air, unless there happens to be a heat-wave, and it is wise to take at least one complete outfit in tweed. The one pictured above is very smart and absurdly cheap. It costs exactly 80s. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The suit is single-breasted, with pleats in the skirt. It can, of course, be worn alone or with the three-quarter-length top-coat, which is cut on semi-swagger lines

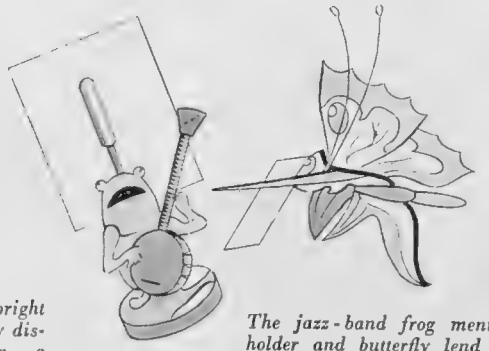
A travelling coat is always a necessity, and Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, have designed the one on the right. It is made of Cumberland tweed with a large herring-bone weave, and is cut with a generous wrap-over. The adjustable collar has two scarf-ends which cross, and there is a leather belt. This firm have an enviable reputation for perfect cut and finish. They specialise in tweed shooting suits from 10 guineas made to order, or 8½ guineas ready to wear, and will send patterns of their newest materials gratis and post free

Lenare

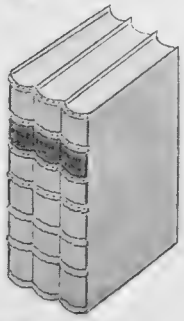
Discovered by Peta
Pictured by Pam

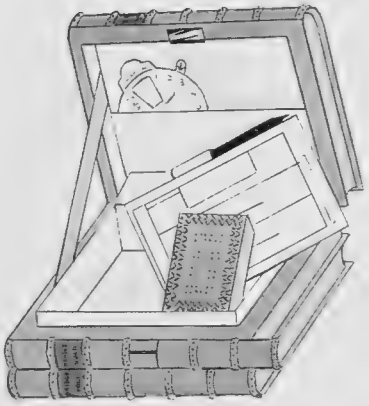
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Striped labels in bright colours are easily distinguished on a crowded platform. They are obtainable in rainbow hues from all stationers. The white part is reserved for the name and address of the traveller

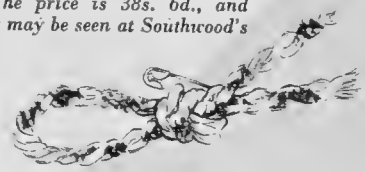


The jazz-band frog menu-holder and butterfly lend a decorative touch to the dinner table. They come from Southwood's, 16, Burlington Arcade, and vary in price according to size. The hand-painted butterfly is designed to hold small name-cards



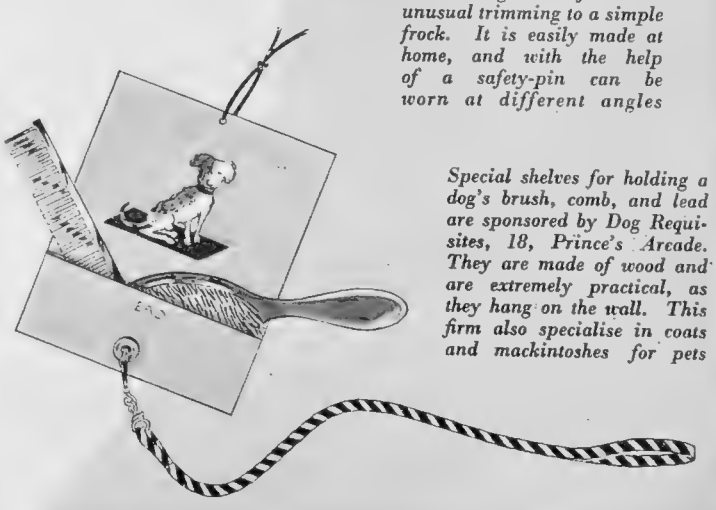


Bridge fiends will appreciate the three-volume novel above, containing playing-cards, four scoring-pads, and a calculator. When closed it can stand in a bookshelf and deceive many a book-lover. The price is 38s. 6d., and it may be seen at Southwood's



Ordinary rope splashed with dabs of oil paint and tied into a single bow forms an unusual trimming to a simple frock. It is easily made at home, and with the help of a safety-pin can be worn at different angles

The latest idea in accessories at Harrods, Knightsbridge, is to have them in sets. Pictured above are a bag, gloves, boutonniere, and umbrella, the latter with a neat cover to match the leather handle. They are available in a variety of colours, including hunter's green and royal red

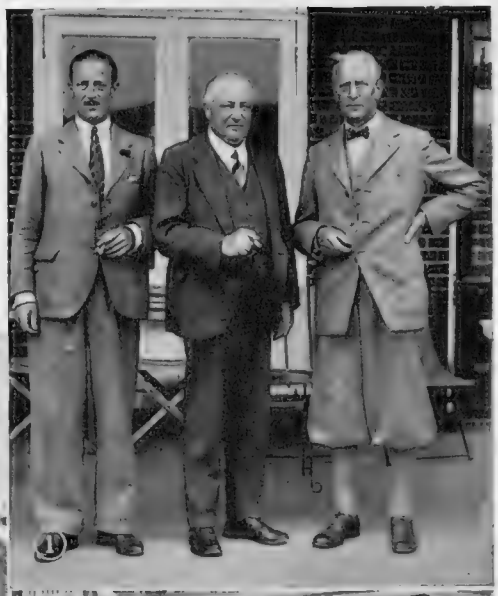


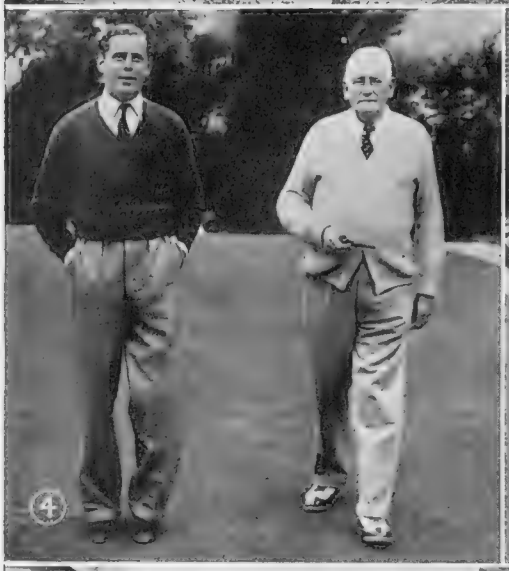
Special shelves for holding a dog's brush, comb, and lead are sponsored by Dog Requisites, 18, Prince's Arcade. They are made of wood and are extremely practical, as they hang on the wall. This firm also specialise in coats and mackintoshes for pets

Golf Clubs at Home : Seaford Head, Sussex

Seaford Head was founded in 1887, and a new dormy club-house was built in 1908, with twenty up-to-date bedrooms. The course is situated on the Downs near Birlin Gap and Cuckmere Valley, and the club-house stands in a position from which very fine views to most of the holes can be obtained

(1) Captain Victor Trew (ex-captain), W. H. Dawes (captain) and S. G. Odams (secretary). (2) E. M. Murray, A. J. Stait (committee member), P. Cathrew and H. Pattinson. (3) P. E. Slack (committee member), W. H. Kneller (professional) and F. Winser. (4) Algy Dawson and Cecil Dawson. (5) B. J. Wolfe Barry (ex-captain) and G. C. Wolfe Barry. (6) Major M. D. Cohn and F. G. Quttner. (7) R. Booth and Captain V. G. Kirknadge. (8) Colonel R. H. Joseph (committee member) and H. Smith





Women's Golf

Ranelagh

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT really seems as if autumn were upon us, the day's heat and London road reconstructions notwithstanding. If you doubt it, look on page iv, where you will find the entrance form, conditions and description of the Forum Club's much appreciated hospitality in connection with BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes. These are to be played at Ranelagh and Roehampton on October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, a matter for great rejoicing, considering all the gloomy swan-songs which looked like having to be written over Ranelagh not so very long ago.

WHETHER there will still be a Ranelagh course as we know it for the L.G.U. international meeting next April is another question, and yet another is whether the L.G.U. would be wise, and serving the best interests of themselves and the golfers by continuing to style it international meeting or not, if it is still available. It is no use blinking the facts. Ranelagh is wholly delightful and unique, but it has ceased to be just the best and only course in the kingdom for an international scoring meeting; and, more than that, a good many people are asking whether such a meeting is wanted at all, anywhere. For some years Scotland has not sent a team which was in the least representative of her strength; this year she sent no team at all, a courageous independence for which her authorities were to be much admired.

If that is how one country feels about it, then there would seem no good purpose served in keeping up a meeting which merely supplies England year after year with a hollow victory—hollow because it is highly questionable whether she could go on repeating it if the full strength of Scotland—who numbers some magnificent scorers in her full side—were against her.

It is sad to see old institutions swept away, but far sadder to see them outlive their purpose, struggling on without zest or object. The International meeting at Ranelagh has seen such palmy days that it must not be allowed to fall on evil ones.

THEN the question arises, could the Internationals by score play be held anywhere else? The fixture list is already overcrowded; the drain on golfers' pockets almost intolerable. Merely to move the meeting to another, full-length course near London would be no better for Scotland, Ireland or Wales. Bound up with this question is the larger one of whether the match play internationals held immediately prior to the Championship are too big a strain on the players who ought subsequently to defend our honour from overseas invasion in the Championship itself.

Separation of these two events would, of course, be all to the good of both if—a very large if—players had enough leisure and money to do nothing else than play golf the whole year round.

ONE solution would be to combine an international scoring contest with the qualifying round before the Championship, though it would add not a little to the hair-raising qualities of those thirty-six holes, and there would no doubt be purists who would say that nobody should be asked to do two things at once; if they are concentrating on two steady rounds which shall duly qualify them, how can they go out for the brilliant ones that would be needed by their countries? To which the only answer seems to be that it would be the same for all the teams.

As I write, though, I begin to wonder whether I heard a rumour that the qualifying round might be abolished. Did somebody breathe to me that some such mitigation of their lot was begged for by players at the Competitors' Meeting at Southport and Ainsdale last May? Of course, that meeting is strictly private; no Press may put a nose round the door nor ear to the keyhole; good little girls and boys do not even ask questions afterwards.

BUT even the Press cannot help being drawn into discussions subsequently, nor harbouring a sneaking feeling that they ought to know all that is going on, if they are not to be blind leaders of the blind. The question of abolishing the qualifying round is always with us. Without implying that anybody has been letting out state secrets, I may surely say that the subject is under consideration by every thoughtful golfer. And so, I venture to believe, is the discontinuance of the spring meeting at Ranelagh as an international scoring affair.

Only I trust nobody will get so busy thinking over these weighty things that they forget to enter for our Foursomes there. Entries close September 18th.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. George White

Mrs. George White, whose club is Reddish Vale, has been playing fast and loose with Lancashire pars lately. Her handicap, which was sixteen some time ago, has come down to nine in a month

Miss Peggy Edwards and Miss Joan Smith

Peggy Edwards (Manchester) is one of the many girls who have had a distinguished golfing year between the 1935 Stoke Poges and this year's. She has recently won her club's monthly competition

Joan Smith (Worsley) is a third Lancashire player of note. She is still eligible for the Girls' Championship (on the 7th of next month). One of her latest scores on her home course is 60 (par 74)

Girls' Championship

AS an experiment, for this year the Girls' Championship entries will be seeded. That is to say, last year's runner-up, the two semi-finalists, and the five other lowest handicaps who have entered will be drawn in the eight different sections of the draw, to avoid their meeting in the early rounds

Northern Season

Shooting and Golf and Games

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Yorkshire

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were shooting in Yorkshire with the Duke's Extra Equerry, Captain E. H. Brook, over the Saddleworth and Greenfield moors. Captain Brook also has a place in Dumfriesshire. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester had come south after the Twelfth, for which they stayed with the Duchess's brother, the Duke of Buccleuch

Engaged Couple

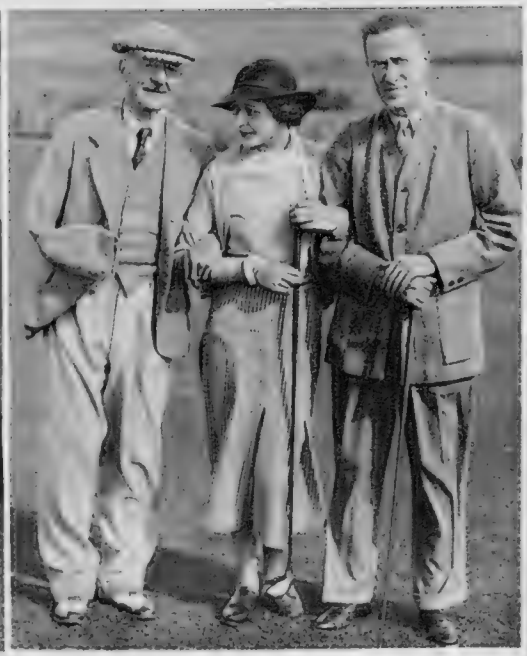
Mr. Richard Stevenson and Miss Mary Hogarth had just announced their engagement, and were photographed at a Perthshire "at-home." She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hogarth, of Delvine, Perthshire

Below: *Sheep-Dog Trials at Aboyne*

Below: the sheep-dog trials in the grounds of Aboyne Castle are one of the most interesting events of the Deeside season and get a big social audience. These two are Mr. T. Dickson, of Cleugh Crawfordjohn, and Mr. James Miller, of Newmains, with their champion dogs

The American Ambassador

Mr. Robert W. Bingham was in Lord Forres' party at Glen Ogil, in Forfarshire, for the second week's grouse-shooting



Golf on the Gleneagles Hotel Courses

Above on the left are Lady Mary Walker, Lord and Lady Bute's elder daughter, and Mrs. Weld Forrestier. The trio above are General G. F. Trotter, who was Groom-in-Waiting to the King when he was Prince of Wales, and Mrs. John Gaston and Mr. Lytle Hull, two American visitors

Italians in Roxburghshire

Count and Countess Uberto Pallastrelli di Celleri have come from Rome to Scotland and found themselves for one afternoon at the garden fair at Minto House. They are talking to Lord Minto (right)

Scottish Family

Sir Alastair and Lady Gordon-Cumming of Altyre were at the Nairn Games with their three children, Josephine and Philippa and son and heir William, who is eight

Left : Miss "Bunny" Hamilton Wedderburn and Roger Burnett were at the Aboyne Sheep - Dog Trials. Roger Burnett is General Sir James Burnett of Leys' son and heir ; Miss Hamilton Wedderburn is a friend of his sister, Rohays Burnett

Perthshire Event

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby were at the Crieff Highland Gathering. They came from Drummond Castle, which belongs to Lord Ancaster, Lord Willoughby de Eresby's father

North Berwick Golf

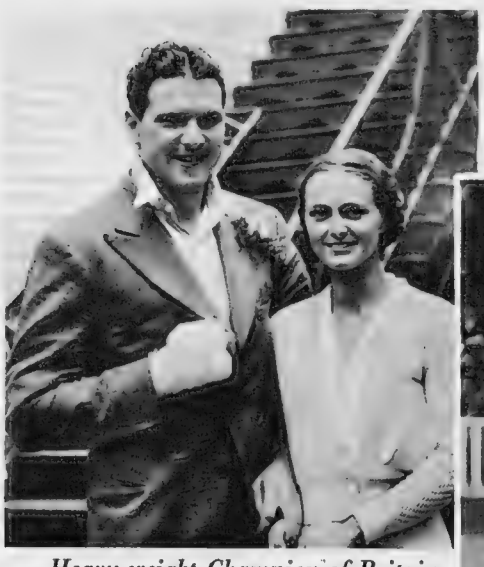
Princess Elizabeth Bibesco and the Hon. Anthony Asquith usually appear on the North Berwick links in August ; they came over from Gosford, Lord Wemyss' place in Haddingtonshire

Daughter Lost to Mother

The women's singles final of the East Lothian tennis tournament at North Berwick was a mother-and-daughter one—between Miss J. Cox and Mrs. Dudley Cox. Mrs. Cox won

Winners of the Whitehead Cup

The Sayago team, of Uruguay, won the Whitehead Polo Cup at Harrogate when they beat the home team, who conceded 2½ goals, by 6½ to 2 goals. Miss N. Whitehead (centre) presented the cup to the team, who were Mrs. Lancaster (1), H. H. Grindley (2), G. R. Beale (3), and O. F. Lancaster



Heavy-weight Champion of Britain

Left: Ben Foord (South Africa) was photographed with his fiancée, Phyllis Sowter, after he had become heavy-weight champion of Britain and the Empire by beating the Welshman, Jack Petersen, within three rounds. His next step-up—Walter Neusel—will be harder

Opening the Last Test

Fagg and Barnett opened for England against All India in the last Test at the Oval. England completed a series of successes with a win by nine wickets

Surrealism in Sport

Left: Paul Amen, catcher for the U.S.A. Olympic baseball team, which met the White City team there last week. The Americans proved masters in their own game by winning by 18 runs to 1

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

So we come to the end of this summer sport of ours. And what a summer it has been, to be sure! The rain has practically washed away several of the lesser county cricket clubs, and all of us, I think, feel rather frustrated and despoiled.

This was to have been so tremendously interesting a summer, with international sport of every kind to hold our attention. Well, the interest has survived the damping conditions, and that says something for our enthusiasm.

One game which has made great strides this summer is polo. The Westchester Cup matches fairly put it on the map as a new form of popular entertainment. I hope the authorities fully appreciate their good fortune and their opportunities. If they start thinking now their next season will be a bumper one. But they will have to think. They will have to think, moreover, in vulgar terms of cashing-in and publicity. And if they do, they can benefit polo immensely.

Whether Ben Foord has done the professional boxing game some good by his smashing victory over Jack Petersen I don't know; but it is possible. That Petersen-McAvoy fight had left a nasty taste in the mouth. We felt that it was merely a waste of money to watch

(Continued on page iv)

This England . . .

Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire.

SLOWLY THE "stately homes of England" disappear. But do not mourn them unduly if their usefulness is gone, for this England is no museum of a dead past, but a vibrant, living land. Let us regard them with affection rather, for what they were . . . the nurseries of those great traditions that are our strength to-day. In the humblest things of life they set the standard—baking, weaving, brewing, all were done at home then; and if many a secret of stillroom or kitchen is lost, others survive. A beer such as Worthington for instance, comes direct from the best practice of our forbears. Life was hard but the living of it was made graceful, and that fine English beer belongs as surely to your past as do the oriel window and shaded walk that delight you to-day.

Berlin's Olympiad : by Pamela Murray

A Retrospect of Its Frivolous Side

THOSE who know Berlin inside out must be patient. Until the Air France liner made a perfect landing at Köln (alias Cologne) on the hottest of August afternoons, I had never set foot in Germany. In the next four days I admired all the obvious things admired by thousands of tourists: the stupendous efficiency; the determined kindliness; the cleanliness which makes it criminal to throw a match into a Berlin gutter; the flags, pennants and banners fluttering from every window, every roof in all Germany down to the least little villages; and the single-mindedness of a great people expounding propaganda by loud-speaker from their trees, by pamphlet, booklet and studied politeness, by new buildings, new barracks, new uniforms, and by the total absence of slums. Berlin is the clockwork city—even its clocks agree with each other; unlike the clock at Hyde Park Corner, which is three minutes ahead of the clock at Marble Arch, involving elaborate calculations as you head for Victoria, where the station clock goes like Lewis Carroll's Duchess—faster and faster.

BY the clock on Cologne's shining new airport we were nineteen minutes on the ground, gazed at by plump, rosy families tea-drinking to music in a garden restaurant. All monies and cheques have to be declared. Luggage is passed like lightning by civil Customs and returned by motor trolley to the 'plane. Boys in sailor suits shepherd you into a great hall, saying in English: "There is the newspaper shop, and to the left are the cloak-rooms"—part of the labour-saving attitude adopted towards tourists in this fatherly Fatherland. The view becomes picturesque near Berlin, with chains of lakes; on their wooded shores garden cities; more boats than houses, boats parked in hundreds, looking like sardines from the air; others sailing on these placid waters, and still more speeding from bathing enclosure to bathing enclosure—the whole scene like a hundred square miles of Lansbury's Lido. Surely the healthiest approach to any big city in Europe! We flew over the Olympic village, destined to become an Army training school, and on over the two stadiums, which, even from above, are awe-inspiring, especially THE stadium, still packed, even at seven p.m., like some gigantic soap-dish in possession of swarming ants—subject for Maeterlinck.

BERLIN is a lucky city. Not only are there no shabby quarters and many handsome ones, but there is no nonsense about having to drive in from the airport. Templehof aerodrome is nearly in the middle of the city—your taxi to the Eden, with ten per cent. (no tip) and baggage carried free, is about three bob if you have provided yourself with registered marks—if you haven't, you 're a mug. Ask the bank before going into Germany as, in spite of Mr. Jack Heaton's explanations, I am not qualified to make statements about this currency question. Mr. Heaton, who, with his pretty sister Ninette, was staying at "Schloss Mackintosh" (a magnificent country house near Potsdam, which "Xtopher" and Lady Jean took for the Games), did his explaining in dollars at the Eden Bar, which is in the Eden Hotel. There is where everyone arrives. It was packed with athletes and ex-athletes (Lord Burghley); Americans (all looking like college boys and magazine-cover girls); visiting Milords (Lord Caledon); celebrities ("Doug" and Sylvia Fairbanks); distinguished French (the Marquis de Polignac of champagne fame); Bolivian-Parisians (the Patinos, back from boating on the Wannsee with the Alan Graves from our Embassy, who have been entertaining extensively); and a winter sports element composed of the inimitable "Mouse" Cleaver and the elegant Miss "Toto" Koopman, who has one of the prettiest speaking voices and wears her clothes like Gertrude Lawrence.

PRESENTLY we went to the Wintergarten, which is the Palladium of Berlin, and packed to suffocation point. This hall is egg-shaped. You can dine in plush boxes, but you must not open exit doors, in case any air gets in. Seats are never more than about five bob and the majority less. Venison was good and beer better. The turns included a very stout lady in spangles and a slave bracelet, who toe-danced on some substantial looking champagne bottles before doing acrobatics from a swing. I hoped she would swing out over the audience, scattering rosebuds like Shirley Kellogg did in that war-time revue, but it was not to be. Ten Japs enjoyed themselves with twenty plates (it looked the same troupe as the Savoy had, but with Japanese you never can tell). Then native jugglers said "Achtung!" before their feats; it gave a friendly Swiss feeling to hear the only word most of us knew. Words were not needed to understand the finale—a dance for five maidens, fully clothed (which they would not have been in pre-Hitler days), bearing the Olympic sign—five coloured hoops intertwined and optimistically denoting the brotherhood of continents. So to the Eden Roof to dance, as at Monte Carlo, in the open air, with traffic roaring instead of waves lapping, and Lord and Lady Kemsley at a round table with her sister, Madame Van den Heyden Hauzeur, one of Belgium's best-dressed women. Some dressed and some not. Captain Harold Balfour, the forceful Member for Thanet, tacked down the long, narrow room to address Major Colin Cooper, who, with "Poppy" Pope, the aviator, had left his yacht at Kiel for a few hours and was off to Copenhagen before breakfast. Lord Clydesdale danced with Miss Cecile Rankin, daughter of yet another M.P. Brian Black suggested going on to the Quartier Latin, which corresponds to Quaglino's. Someone said, "There is Lady Brownlow," and we sighted that wide-eyed beauty in a suit, just landed. Someone else said they positively must fetch something from the Esplanade (a caravanserai, where "everyone" not at the Bristol, the Adlon or the Eden was staying), and we stampeded for the lift, counting to see who had been left behind by mistake. It was recalled that "Phiz" Barclay, due from London, had not turned up. "Did he know where to go?" The answer was, "Of course not, but wouldn't he come to the Eden and begin again?" The subject of Mr. Barclay's whereabouts was dropped and Lady Honor Channon, plus husband, crossed us in the hall before the party divided, some to night clubs, like Rio Rita, some homeward after planning to dine at Ciro's at Wannsee another night and taste the charms and, incidentally, the drinks of Berlin's Bray.

The Hon. Ian Campbell-Gray

Was one of the most successful of the British Olympic competitors—he got into the final of the épée individual event, which is a great achievement for an English fencer. He has several times been épée champion of England. He is a younger brother of the Master of Gray, and an artist

THE most attractive country restaurant and bathing-place seemed to be Schloss Marquard, near tidy, cobble-stoned Potsdam, which is stiff with military, and trippers comparing Sans Souci with Versailles for some mistaken reason, based on the weakness of English history books. At Marquard there is boating and bathing and good food on the terrace of a charming oldish house, a vivid flower garden and vistas with statues—rather Ranelagh. There I found Captain Percy Ledgard and his wife, with Californian friends he made when the Games were at Los Angeles. Percy has twice been in the Olympic Pentathlon, which involves swimming, riding, running, fencing, and I can never remember the fifth item. He did not smoke for a year this time, but finished less creditably than at Los Angeles, to his chagrin. There were forty-two starters, and Mr. "Geoff" MacDougal did well to arrive fourteenth, because our military cannot give unlimited time to preparation for athletics. Great Britain has done very badly in the Games—let 's face it. I asked some of the "big noises" why, and the answer was, because we did not choose our team till the end of July, and though England has splendid athletes and could produce more, they are not trained to the same extent as abroad and, unlike America, there is no incentive—no cheering audience as for cricketers and footballers, no popular athletic meetings attended by the giant crowds up and down the country—no fan mail! The English spirit has evolved a code which extols modesty and says, "not done" to those who mind being beaten. If you don't mind being beaten you can't mind very much whether you win or not, and this general not mindingness, though perfectly delightful, old boy, and lovable in the individual, creates a mass effect of nullity abroad—accidentally clever, because we are far from being nationally null and void.

A GREAT deal of entertaining was done during the Big Fortnight. At Herr von Ribbentrop's reception decorations glittered. At Sir Eric Phipps' the British colony met the competitors. At the Golf Club "Little Willie," who has grown handsome with the years, attended yet another Versammlung or Gastabend, or what you will. The Bismarcks were everywhere, as was General Goering, his uniforms gorgeous. Herr Hitler's most distinguished guest was probably Sir Robert Vansittart, two of whose plays, put on in London by Bertie Meyer, did not run because, as "Bertie" remarked at Cannes the day I flew to Berlin, "his work is too brilliant—he is the greatest Englishman of to-day." Sir Robert's French play ran for months in Paris. Will "versatile Van" write one in German now? The backcloth should be of swastikas; the curtain ringed with Olympic hoops; the actors silent, their parts taken by loud-speakers while they posture like athletes, magnificent in body and single in purpose—the epitome of German youth, its eyes on the horizon. Which?

GARDENING NOTES FOR THE WEEK

Eradicating the "Sitis Vulgaris" (or Common Thirst)

By the Gardening Editor

During hot dry spells gardeners will find themselves periodically troubled with Sitis Vulgaris—better known in horticultural circles as the Common Thirst. This hardy perennial is vigorous in its habit and must be destroyed. As soon as it shows signs of budding I suggest applying Soda mixed with a suitable spirit. Schweppes Soda, a well-known preparation, has been used for this purpose ever since 1790, and will soon stem its growth. Keep a good supply stored in the tool shed; frequent soakings, particularly towards sun-down, will quickly rid you of this pest.

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Interesting Events

A short time ago I met a man in a golf club who complained to me that I am always writing solely about golfers who are, or are supposed to be, good players. I hope you will agree with me that his complaint is not quite justified. This week I will try to please him by writing about golfers whose handicaps vary from 8 to 8 plus x, and I, personally, have little doubt that some of the players who rejoice in these handicaps are quite good golfers.

A few years ago the *Morning Post* started a golf competition which it hoped would find the best long-handicap golfer of the year. This year the competition was open to all golfers in England and Wales who were over eighteen years of age on March 1st and who possessed handicaps of eight strokes or more. The competition is decided by stroke play on handicap and consists of qualifying rounds, district finals and the final. The qualifying round is played on the player's home course, must be played before May 31st, and can be played at the same time as a regular club competition.

To ensure as representative an entry as possible in the later stages, players are divided into two groups: (*a*) those who are under forty years of age on March 1st; and (*b*) those who are over forty years of age on that date. Two players from each club, one from group (*a*) and one from group (*b*), qualify for the district final, which has to be played in June or July.

This year England and Wales were divided into forty-eight districts, and all the district finals were decided over thirty-six holes. When the final is played, also over thirty-six holes, an enormous number of cups are on view, and onlookers who do not know that qualifying rounds have been played, think this is a magnificent competition as apparently everyone gets a prize. It is true that everyone who reaches the final does receive a small cup, but he has won his spurs in the district finals.

Players compete in the qualifying rounds off their current handicaps at the clubs from which they enter, but they may not play off a handicap bigger than 18. This arrangement always seems to me unfair to players who are handicapped at over 18. Why these players should be required to play off a lower handicap than they possess appears unreasonable. In the competition for the Bystander Trophy we have on several occasions received entries from players of handicaps over 18, and they have always been allowed to play on their lowest club handicap, whatever it may be. There seems little point in allocating a golfer a handicap of 20 if he is only allowed to play off 18.

No. 13 of the conditions of entry I most thoroughly agree with, and I feel sure that it will meet with the approval of all fair-minded golfers. It reads: "To offset the advantage of local knowledge, one stroke will be deducted from the handicaps of players in the district finals and final who are members of the club at which these events are held."

The committee in charge of this competition has apparently as much confidence in the efficiency of handicap committees as the majority of golfers, as it adjusts the handicaps of those who qualify as it thinks fit.

This year S. R. Nicholls, of the Willingdon Golf Club, Eastbourne, whose handicap is 12, qualified with a score of 77—12=65. In his district final he did not take so many shots and returned cards of 60 and 64. Nicholls must be very nearly the ideal partner in a four-ball match under handicap. Unsurprisingly, Nicholls' score of 124 for the two rounds in the Sussex district final was the best of all the districts, but the form was not so devastating elsewhere, as we find that 161 was good enough to qualify in both the Northants and Yorkshire districts.

The committee, on its own initiative, reduced Nicholls' handicap from 12 to 5 for the final, but even if he had been allowed to play off 12 he would have been nine strokes behind the winner. W. A. Bland, Heysham Golf Club, handicap 12, won with scores of 69 on the Old Course at Sunningdale, and 75 on the New, but only after a tie with J. E. Baxter, Woodhall Hills Golf Club, Yorkshire, handicap 9, who returned 68 on the Old Course and 76 on the New.

This competition, which is always extremely well organised, has supplied a very large number of players with interesting golf and amusement; over 30,000 golfers, representing over 600 clubs, took part in it.

Little golf of importance takes place in August, and this may be the reason why two distinguished golfers selected this month to get married. I refer to Sir Ernley Blackwell, an ex-captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and T. A. Bourn, an ex-champion of England and France.

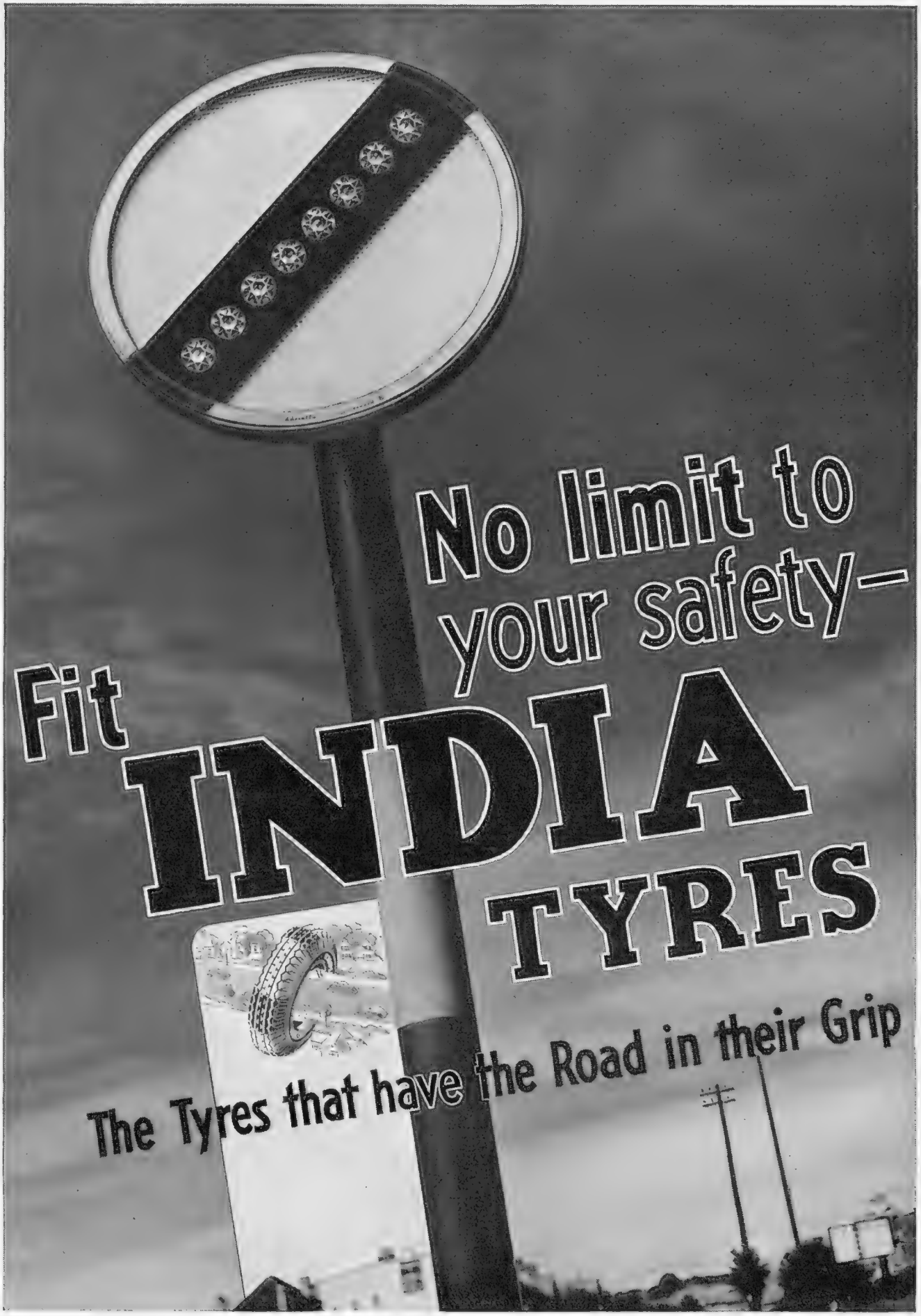
Sir Ernley is probably the least distinguished of the Blackwell brothers on the golf course and without doubt the most distinguished off it. There are many stories told about the Blackwell brothers, not a few of them perfectly true. The one I am about to relate is certainly true. Last year, as Ted Blackwell was unable to visit St. Andrews in September, Sir Ernley was promoted to the exalted position of partner to his brother Walter in the Calcutta Cup foursomes, which are played on the New Course at St. Andrews. In one of their matches each ball was several feet from the eighteenth hole in the like; Walter played, holed the putt, picked the ball out of the hole, wiped it, and put it in his pocket. One of their opponents then missed the putt to halve the match and the Blackwells consequently passed through to the next round. The onlookers rather naturally expected Sir Ernley to show his brother some slight sign of appreciation—perhaps a pat on the back and a "Well putted, Walter!"—but nothing of the sort occurred. There was a slight pause, and then these words came in stentorian tones from Sir Ernley's lips: "My ball, I think, Walter." Praise from Sir Ernley, like praise from Sir Hubert, is, without doubt, praise indeed!

"All Success in Their Endeavour"

"All success in their endeavour to bring back the Walker Cup" was the wish on the white heather trophy presented to the British team when they sailed for America on the Transylvania. The group is: Percy Lucas, Jack McLean, Hector Thomson (the amateur champion), Dr. W. Tweddell (captain), Gordon Peters, Alec Hill and, at back, John Langley (the Stoic amateur runner-up), Morton Dykes and H. G. Bentley. The match is played on Wednesday and Thursday next

Mutual Congratulations

By Eric Donaldson (Dumfries), the fifteen-year-old winner of the Duke of York's Cup, and A. E. McLeod (Ranfurly Old), who beat him in the semi-final of the Eden tournament, and then beat George Roberts (at back) in the final, to retain the trophy for the second year running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Learning to navigate on the ground. The Public Schools Aviation Camp is being held at Mousehold Aerodrome as usual. The Norfolk and Norwich Club organises this camp, providing aircraft, equipment, and instructors

By 'Plane to the Sun

By Charles Ward

Cruising to the Continent

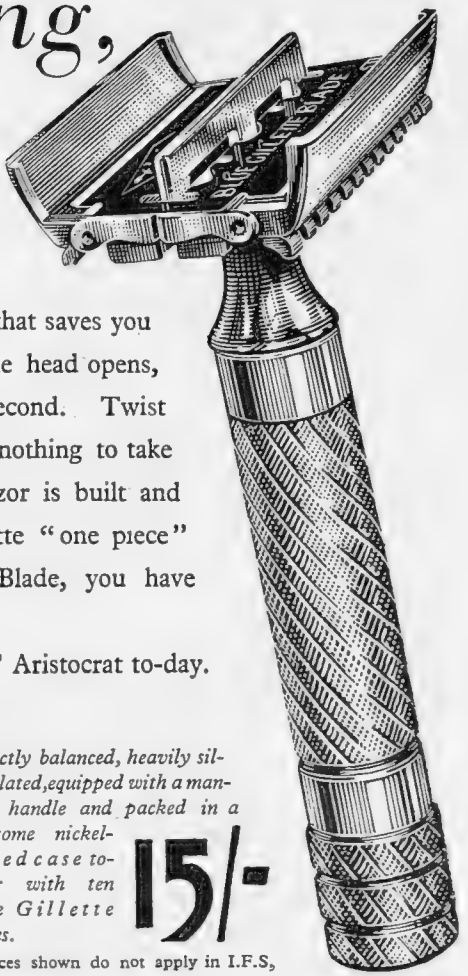
ABNORMALLY bad weather has encouraged most owner-pilots, and many who can afford hiring a 'plane, to seek the sun abroad. Last month, the A.A. issued thirty-eight carnets from Heston alone. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord Furness, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jr., Mr. Gilbert Miller, and Major C. R. Anson, who owns the Monospar S.T.18, were among the lucky ones. Owners of the Air Touring Card can hire maps, not only for Europe and North Africa, but East as far as Singapore. Maps of the route to Cape Town will soon be ready for circulation. A deposit of thirty shillings has to be made, and the hire-fee is five shillings per map. Some companies, such as Air Hire, Ltd., make themselves responsible for the safe return of maps loaned to their clients. This company has been doing big business, all its machines being well booked. Mr. Harry Kirkpatrick, the American pilot who toured Germany recently with an Air Hire Leopard, and Mr. John Grandy were impressed by the courtesy and good service at aerodromes to be found in that country. The truth about the Spanish war is to be heard in the pilots' rooms and in the bars at Heston and Croydon, quite a number of pilots having made the trip to Spain, flying taxis for Press work and for other more mysterious purposes. The German mail-'planes which operate the route to South America are regularly shot at, but so far without serious damage. From the end of the Great War until the end of 1922 there were many British pilots in Spain. The Seville-Larache route was one of the first air-lines in Europe. Sir Alan Cobham and Captain Wolley Dod, now one of the Imperial Airways' managers, were regular pilots on the route. Captain Andrews, now Airport Officer at Liverpool, was instructing on flying-boats at Barcelona, and Major Hereward de Havilland was busy selling aircraft to the Government in Madrid. Spain was then engaged on its war in Morocco, and the Aircraft Disposal Company, started by Lieut.-Col. M. O. Darby, did a roaring trade with Avros and Bristol Fighters, on which the Spaniards were taught to fly, mainly by foreign instructors.

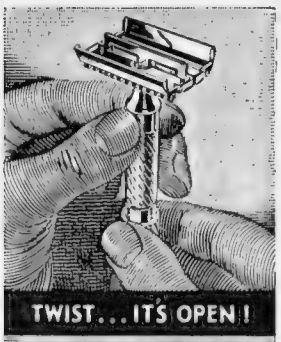
News from the Tarmac

JULY being an especially wet and dull month, one would expect flying hours to be reduced everywhere, but at Hamble, A.S.T. put in nearly 1600 hours, and more than 800 were flown at Ansty, which is its second school. A large proportion of the instruction at the international flying school is concerned with bad weather, or should I say, must be given irrespective of weather. The Folkestone Trophy Race was won by a Hamble pupil, Mr. R. Grubb, and the King's Cup winner, was Mr. C. E. Gardner, also an ex-student. When he learnt to fly at Hamble, his brother, father and mother also took a course, but "C.E." was a record pupil, passing through the complete commercial course for a B Licence in two years.

Save time in the morning, use the

GILLETTE *"one piece"* ARISTOCRAT





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● Prices shown do not apply in I.F.S.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 26TH: Brahms Concert; variations on a theme of Haydn, concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello (Albert Sammons and Lauri Kennedy), fourth symphony in E minor.

THURS., 27TH: Mixed concert with Isobel Baillie, Robert Easton and Leslie England (piano); Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "Bees' Wedding," Bax's third symphony, Tchaikowsky's Casse Noisette, Saint-Saëns' piano concerto in C minor.

FRI., 28TH: Beethoven Concert; Egmont overture, Emperor concerto (Lamond), the Adelaide song (Heddle Nash), and second symphony.

SAT., 29TH: Mixed concert with Joan Cross, Trefor Jones and Moiseiwitch (piano); Weber's "Oberon" overture, Bach's air on the G string, first Peer Gynt suite, Ravel's bolero, Percy Grainger songs.

MON., 31ST: Wagner Concert with Oda Slobodskaya, Parry Jones and Horace Stevens; Die Meistersinger prelude, Huldigungsmarsch, Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire music, Ride of the Valkyries.

TUES., 1ST: Mixed concert with Olga Hailey and Rubinstein (piano); Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, Strauss songs, Dvorák's New World Symphony (No. 5), John Ireland piano concerto.

EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL RADIO EXHIBITION.—All the newest gadgets to collect music from the air: Olympia, from to-day, 26th.

R.H.S. ALPINE GARDENS EXHIBITION.—In the Royal Horticultural Old Hall: Tues., 1st.

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 26TH: York races (till Thursday); *News-Chronicle* £1000 professional golf tournament opens, Brighton (three days); Hastings tennis tournament (till Saturday); Folkestone yachting regatta; Kent v. All India, Canterbury.

FRI., 28TH: Gatwick and Hamilton Park races (two days).

SAT., 29TH: J.C.C. 200-miles race, Donington Park, near Derby; Sussex v. All India, Hove.

MON., 31ST: Bexhill and Cinque Ports (at Folkestone) tennis tournaments open (till 5th); Lewes races.

TUES., 1ST: Partridge-shooting begins; Derby races.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—No cabaret, but August dancing to John Stevens' Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The international cabaret is as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

FLORIDA CLUB.—This remains open during August, and evening dress is optional; Nina Mae McKinney sings at 2 a.m.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The restaurant is open for food only.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret includes Edward Cooper with his "Songs, Old and New"; Joe Kaye's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Cabaret and band have an August holiday, but you can still eat here.

SAN MARCO.—Nina Mae McKinney has a nice way of singing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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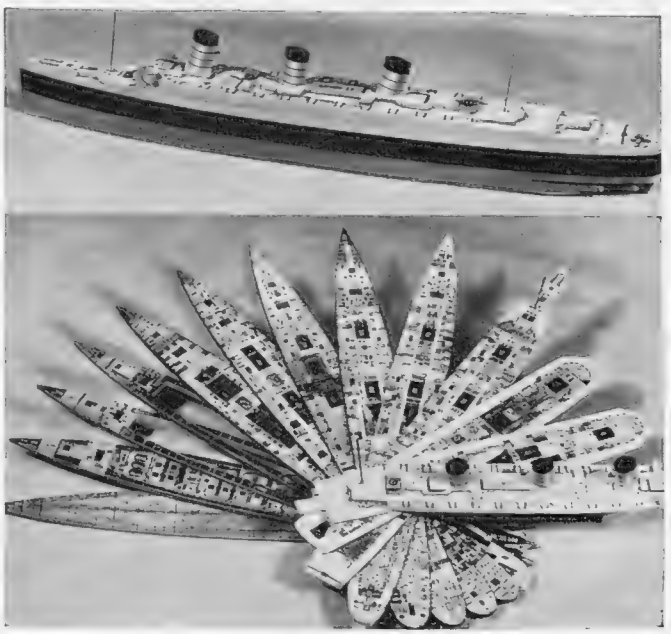

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Summer Sport

(Continued from page 378)

dreary fiascos like that, and heavy-weight fights in this country have been disappointing for a long time.

I don't think Foord is a world-beater, or anything like it. He 's a pleasant fellow and a grand athlete, with a turbulent fighting spirit. As a boxer, though, he is negligible and flat-footed, and he has to live down some very moderate performances before we really get excited about him. If he thrashes Walter Neusel of Germany though, we promise to sit up and take notice.

I saw Walter Neusel the other day. He looks extremely fit. He has managed to train off that fleshiness which slowed him down so fatally not long ago. Once more he deserves his nickname of "Blond Tiger," and I fancy he will be too much of a handful for Foord. Neusel at his best is in the top class, and Foord is not there by a long way yet.

Joe Louis, by the way, came back with a bang last week, didn't he ? Mind you, it would have been the end of him if he had failed to put the now-elderly Mr. Sharkey away. Sharkey can still swing a nasty punch, and I dare say he sobs and shouts as much as ever, but he is easy money for a class opponent. The significant thing was that Louis dealt with him so decisively—we may conclude fairly safely that Louis's hammering from Schmeling has done him no permanent harm.

I met Schmeling in Berlin, and he was very cheerful and full of his forthcoming fight with James Braddock for the world's heavy-weight title. He thought Braddock would prove a more awkward problem than Louis, but now it seems probable that the fight will be postponed for a long time.

Braddock is supposed to have broken a bone in his hand, or something to that effect. This may be true. It does, at any rate, have the effect of staving off a German challenger for the title—and Schmeling is no longer young. Next year, maybe, Braddock will find him less formidable.

I don't know whether Schmeling saw much of the boxing at the Olympic Games. If he did, I wonder if he approved of some of the refereeing ? It seems to me high time that Great Britain gave the Olympic boxing a miss. It is deplorably organised, and no place at all for the amateur enthusiast. The British officials were very upset, with good reason, but they must have known what to expect, and their only remedy is to stay away.

It is a pity that there should have been all this backwash of trouble after the Games. Jesse Owens has had his share of publicity and rumour also, but I suppose that was inevitable. He will doubtless turn professional, as Eddie Tolan did before him, and who shall blame him ?

Now we may end more happily with the thought that the cricket selectors seem to have done a good job this summer. The team they have picked for Australia has pleased the critics, and for the life of me I cannot see why we need be pessimistic about its chances. I don't know who will be chosen to fill the place of E. R. T. Holmes. Some say Paynter, and he must be strongly in the running. I think he should go, anyway, but R. E. S. Wyatt is complicating the issue by striking his best form at the critical moment. Wyatt would surely be a great asset, and I hope the selectors look with favour upon his claims. We may need an opening batsman of real class, and need him desperately badly at that. I have an idea, anyhow, that the news from Australia this winter will be full of excitements, and rather more satisfactory than some of us expect.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(15th Year) Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 18th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 18th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1935 or 1936, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the Bystander.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from Bystander officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

A COCKTAIL PARTY

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 8.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1936 **No Entrance Fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 18th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....*of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / Miss .....*of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
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Printed in Great Britain by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, August 26, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 26 — September 1

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks in pursuit of psychological data: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ANTE-ROOM.—Attempt to turn the Russian eye-glass on an Irish family of the '80's owes its measure of success to sensitive if sluggish plot and sensitive, meticulous acting by Diana Wynyard, Jessica Tandy, and Morland Graham; Guthrie McClintic's production: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—Most of the Regent's Park cast is in this lovely and seldom performed Shakespeare: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs.. 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat.. 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Victoria Hopper in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This old favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 80.—Comedian Dick Tubb makes his first appearance on this cheery little stage; then there is a "Babes in the Wood" ballet and a "Balloons" tableau, and the Old Ladies and all the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Richard in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—A gay, romping piece that goes more than one better in the old game of guying grandmamma's youth; book by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon, music by Ernest Irving and décor by Motley; Frederick Ranalow, Joyce Barbour, Adelaide Stanley, Bruce Carfax, and Gertrude Musgrove head a cast which put over these good things with zest: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues. Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Irene Browne in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHINESE WHITE.—Melodramatic story about bandits, missionaries and a lovely Eurasian in China; Edmund Willard is a villain, Arthur Hardy acts and produces: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Marita Farell

Marita Farell is Czechoslovakian. She is singing in the "Folies de Femmes" show at the London Casino—one of the cheering spots which stays open all August

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; plenty of drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIM-SALA-BIM.—Rapid display of a lot of old favourites in conjuring and some new ones, by Danté the magician: Alhambra, 8.15 and 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Hilarious and well-entrenched success from the U.S.A. (with all-American cast) is made largely by Romney Brent's clever character-part and the never-failing dialogue between him and Bernard Nedell or Claire Carleton: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

GENTLE RAIN.—André Charlot embarks on straight plays with this, whose cast includes Viola Keats (back from America), Alan Napier, and Haidée Wright: Vaudeville, Tues., 1st.

CINEMAS

THE DEVIL DOLL (American).—Lionel Barrymore is a fiendish scientist whose black arts involve Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton; some clever trick photography: Empire.

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER (British).—Constance Bennett's film has a strong, healthy plot of an escaping war prisoner in Germany (Douglass Montgomery); Oskar Homolka on his track: New Gallery.

FORGET ME NOT (British).—"Simple and sentimental," this Zoltan Korda-directed piece stars Signor Beniamino Gigli and Joan Gardner in an easy-going and pleasant plot: Leicester Square.

DE KRIBBEBIJTER (Dutch).—Means the cross-patch, and is the taming of a masculine shrew. Louis Borel (well known here), Cor Ruys, and Louis de Bree are the stars: Academy.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—A clever new Capra film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (American).—Charles Laughton's historic success of the high seas is still in the West End: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MY AMERICAN WIFE (American).—Francis Lederer is a European Count transplanted to America by his new wife, Ann Sothern, where, after machinations by Fred Stone and Billie Burke he settles down—story with a moral for snobs: Plaza.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE (American).—Bing Crosby, father of crooners, is the dramatic and musical pivot of this rural romance, with Francis Farmer: Carlton.

SONS OF GUNS (American).—Joe E. Brown in a slick, fast-moving but withal hollow sequence of events, in which he is a war-hero of romantic Flanders; also Joan Blondell: London Pavilion.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (American).—The film maintains the style of the original Ouida novel, with fine desert shots and a strong cast—Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, Ronald Colman, and Victor McLaglen: Tivoli.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE (British).—A lightly turned interpretation of Mozart's life, with Stephen Haggard as the composer, Victoria Hopper as Constanz, and the L.P.O. under Beecham to play for her songs: Curzon.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Last three days of this season. The L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays; the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, Woizikowsky and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

(Continued on page iii)

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Joan Farrer

Is the second daughter of Mr. Denis and the Hon. Mrs. Farrer, of Brayfield House, Turvey, Bedford; she is engaged to Guillermo Enrique de Udy, eldest son of the late Guillermo de Udy and Mrs. de Udy, of Buenos Aires and Cannes

Kay Vaughan

Patricia McCorquodale

Helen Patricia McCorquodale, eldest daughter of the late Archibald McCorquodale and Mrs. McCorquodale, of 23a, Penywern Road, S.W.5, is engaged to Peter Goodeve-Docker, second son of the late Captain G. A. M. Docker, and Mrs. Stonhouse-Gostling, of Simon's Close, Bathampton, Bath

Bassano

Winifred Craig

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Clarence Craig, of The Old Manor House, Hythe; she is engaged to Garnet Elgar Hicks, Devonshire Regt., son of the Rev. Elgar and Mrs. Hicks, of Mowbray, Lymington

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Elizabeth Barter

Is the youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. Barter, of The Vicarage, Meltham; she is engaged to Peter Whorlow Kenyon, third son of the Rev. T. and Mrs. Kenyon, of Wilshaw Vicarage, Huddersfield

Lenare

Elizabeth Holroyde

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyde, of 67, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to Roger Leigh-Wood, only son of Sir James and Lady Leigh-Wood, of 24, Great Cumberland Place, W.1

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Pollock

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. H. Pollock, of Ireton House, Highgate, and Ardmore, Co. Waterford; she is engaged to George Dowson, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Kenneth Dowson, of Curzon Street, W., and Alexandria, Egypt

Fayer of Vienna

Elizabeth Gonin

Is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Winter Gonin, of 39, Welbeck Street, and The Gables, Shortlands, Kent; she is engaged to Geoffrey Marcus Boyes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Boyes, of Spero, West Wickham, Kent

Bassano

Mary Dobbs

Is the elder daughter of the late Sir Henry Dobbs, C.B.E., K.C.M.G., and Lady Dobbs, of Camphire, Co. Waterford: she is engaged to Geoffrey Wilks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilks, of Abingdon, Berks.

Catherine Bell

Valerie Raymont-Came

Is the younger daughter of the late Richard Raymont-Came and Mrs. Raymont-Came, of 8, Weymouth Street, W.1; she is engaged to Albert Porter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Porter, of Avening Court, Avening, Glos.

Bertram Park

Sally Henniker-Hugham

Is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Henniker-Hugham, of Airds, Parton, Kirkcudbrightshire; she is engaged to John Gladstone, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gladstone, of Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfriesshire

Vandyk

Dorothy Fraser

Is engaged to Frank H. Creasy, second son of the late Harry Creasy and Mrs. Creasy, of Colombo; she is the elder daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Fraser, of Selwood, Chislehurst, Kent

Lenare

Deryn Mary Arkle

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Septimus Arkle, of West Derby and Llandrillo-yn-Rhos, Denbigh; she is engaged to John Adamson, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. John Stockton Adamson, of Aigburth, Lancs.

Catherine Bell

Thirza Hards

Announces her engagement to Roger Willmot, H.M. Trade Commissioner of Singapore, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Willmot, of Edgbaston, Birmingham; she is the only daughter of the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Hards, of Whittington Cottage, Highgate

Kay Vaughan

Anne Coventry

Is engaged to Harry March, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. March, of Palais de Printemps, Boulevard de Belgique, Monaco; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coventry, of 16, Hornton Street, W.8; the engagements of her sisters Doria and Catherine have been announced in the "Bystander" recently

Lenare

Diana Pery-Knox-Gore

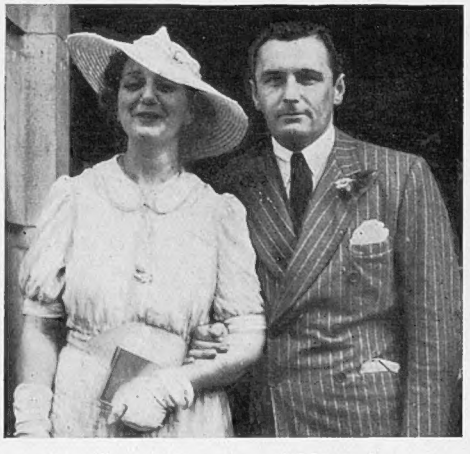
Diana Frances Pery-Knox-Gore, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Pery-Knox-Gore, of Eskrick Park, York, is engaged to Nigel FitzRoy, only son of the late Sir Almeric FitzRoy and Lady FitzRoy, of The White Cottage, Adelaide Road, Walton-on-Thames

Montague-Scott — Mayne

Dunston Samson Montague-Scott, younger son of Mr. R. Montague-Scott, of 2, Chelsea Studios, and of Mrs. Mayer, of 18, Hyde Park Place, and Rosemary Mayne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mayne, of 203, Ebury Street, S.W.1, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Barry — Ruggles-Brise

Lt.-Comdr. H. W. Barry, R.N. (Retd.), younger son of Mr. W. J. and Lady Grace Barry, of Great Witchingham Hall, Norfolk, and Violet Ruggles-Brise, elder daughter of Col. Sir Edward and Lady Ruggles-Brise, of Spains Hall, Finchingfield, Essex, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

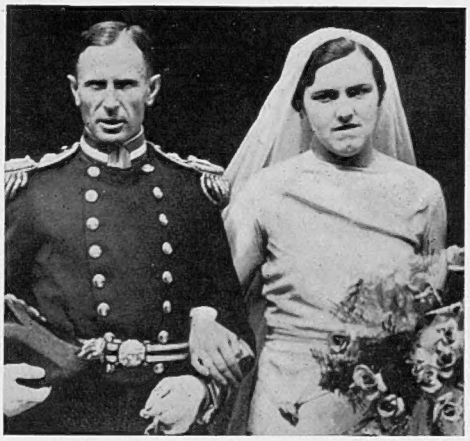


Conan Doyle — Mdivani

Denis Percy Stewart Conan Doyle, son of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Conan Doyle, of Windlesham, Crowborough, Sussex, and Princesse Nina Mdivani, daughter of the late Prince Zachary Mdivani and Princesse Elizabeth Mdivani, were married at Bridgend (Glam.)

Bourn — Gillett

Thomas Arundale Bourn, only son of the late T. W. Bourn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mrs. Bourn, of Sunningdale, married Naomi Gillett at Caxton Hall Register Office; she is Naomi Waters of stage fame, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Waters, of Sydney, Australia



Welby — Melvill Green

At St. Gabriel's, Warwick Square, Lieut.-Comdr. Mark Welby, R.N., son of the late Adlard Welby and Mrs. Welby, of Loudwater, Rickmansworth, Herts., married Nancy Melvill Green, younger daughter of the late Dr. H. Melvill Green and Mrs. Green, of North Poulner, Ringwood, Hants

Strong — Porter

Thomas Arthur Strong, of the Malayan Forest Services, married Maureen Betty Porter at Jordanstown Parish Church, Northern Ireland; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Porter, of Rose Valley, Moylan, Penna., U.S.A.

GIRLS' AUTUMN OUTFITS

"Swanage." Tailored and trim with its neat stitched self collar and flat bow of Velvet, this coat is in all wool smooth Tweed. Lined with Flannel for extra winter warmth. Hat to match. In good tones of woodland brown, copper beech, sapphire and beige. Sizes: 26, 28 and 30 ins. **45/-**
32, 34 and 36 ins. **47/6**

"Poole." Frock in soft woollen material dyed to tone with the "Swanage" Outfit. In sapphire, woodland brown, copper, beech or beige. Sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 ins. **20/-**

Girl's Wear: Fourth Floor.

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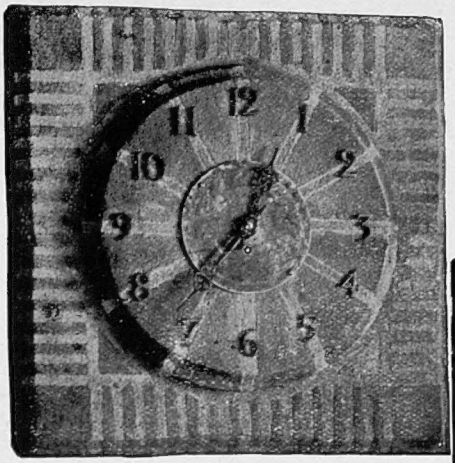

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Every lover of the brick fireplace should send for the Briclock leaflet.

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a very fine
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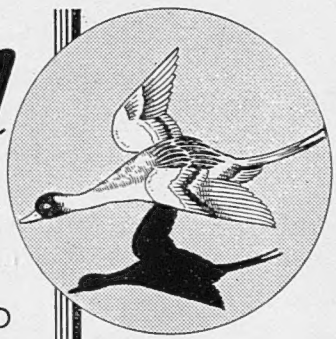

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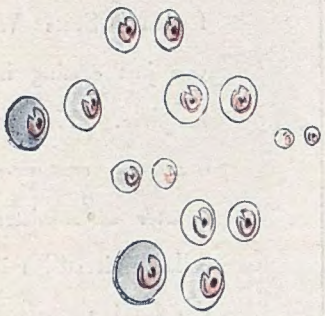
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

In Pall Mall South-West-One there stands
A Club for men from Foreign Lands
The members all come from afar
From Hongkong, Persia, Indi-ah

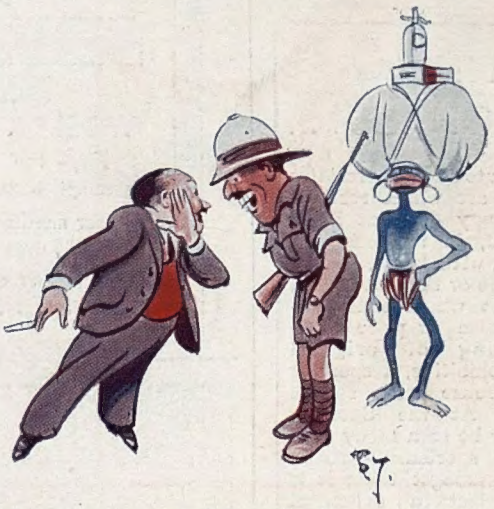
One afternoon in late September
The Club was startled by a member
Rushing in with hair disordered
"Chota-Pegs all round!" he ordered
"Gentlemen I've won a packet
Out of this horse racing racket!
I've got a treble home" he thundered
"The odds are over seven hundred!"



Everyone expressed surprise
Envy showing in their eyes
His bookie then he quickly 'phoned
Heard the bookie – then he groaned

For he found that he had blundered
The bookie's limit was ONE hundred
Purple grew he round the collar
Raved and cursed the bookie wallah
"Why the fellow's just not pukka!"
Slammed the 'phone down – end of chukka

Now in every turf transaction
Duggie gives him satisfaction
"Duggie's terms are quite inimitable for he has NO LIMIT!"



Thus he passes the glad word on
To those who share the White Man's Burden!

Write to-day and open a Credit Account

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